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POPE'S WORKS,
Vol. III. forming part of
Cooke's Pocket Edition
of the Original & Complete Works of
SELECT BRITISH POETS
or Entertaining Poetical Library,
containing the Poetic Productions of the most
Esteemed British Poets
PERBLY EMBELLISHED.



R. Ordeuld. delin^t

C. Warren. sculp^t

Embellished under the direction of C. Cooke Aug^t 1. 1796.
Vide Ode on St Cecilia's Day. Vol. III. p. 7.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,
WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.
FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Pocket Edition.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one—
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.

Brown.

VOL. III.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

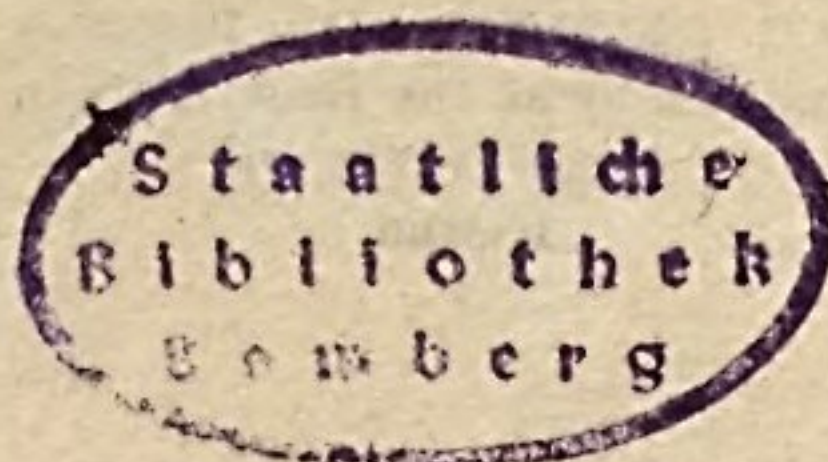
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**Eigentum
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Zeit:



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.
VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

ODES,	MISCELLANIES,
VERSIFICATIONS,	EPITAPHS,
EPISTLES,	DUNCIAD.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh, master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise—
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
Shall then this Verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart?
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd er'ing Pride whatever is is right—
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

Essay on Man.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE
VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

POETICAL REMAINS
IN PROSE
AND
TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
GREAT
GREAT
GREAT

OF THE
POETICAL
REMAINS
IN PROSE
AND
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OF THE
POETICAL
REMAINS
IN PROSE
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TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
GREAT
GREAT
GREAT

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

[Written in the Year 1708.]

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing,
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn, organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling the wild music floats;
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

A 3

III. But

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
 Descend from Pelion to the main:
 Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Inflam'd with Glory's charms:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
 And seas, and rocks, and skies, rebound,
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegethon furrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts! 55
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans, 60
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
 And, see! the tortur'd ghosts respire;
 See shady forms advance! 65
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus! stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance;
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V. By

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 71
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel, 75
 Or amaranthine bow'rs ;
 By the heroes' armed shades
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove, 80
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life ;
 Oh, take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and Hell consented
 To hear the poet's pray'r ;
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Tho' Fate had fast bound her, 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes ;
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the Fatal Sisters move ? 95
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders, 100
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost ! 105
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded, He

He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies; 110
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah see, he dies!
 Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
 Eurydice the woods, 115
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains, rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease, 120
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our Joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heav'n. 134

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Bless'd,

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.
 Sound sleep by night; study and ease
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.
 Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature! cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite!
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul! can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

THE SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Querere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?

HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too;
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant vice so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors,
As who knows Sappho smiles at other whores.

5

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving all allow.

10

Yet like the Papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:

The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts and saves a rogue who cannot read.

15

SATIRE II.

SIR, tho' (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.
Tho' poetry, indeed, be such a sin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
Tho', like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate;
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,

Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above:
 Heav'n by th' breath th' inspiring bellows blow;
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
 In love's, in Nature's, spite the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat: 26
 Those write because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched, indeed! but far more wretched yet
 Is he who makes his meal on others' wit: 30
 'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
 Sense pass'd thro' him no longer is the same;
 For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs 35
 Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,

And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As in some organs puppets dance above,
 And bellows pant below which them do move,
 One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
 charms

Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.
 Rams and slings now are silly battery;
 Pistolets are the best artillery:
 And they who write to lords rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
 But he is worst who (beggary) doth chaw
 Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue
 As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true;
 For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
 The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.

Outcant old Esdras, or outdrink his heir,
 Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
 Wicked as pages, who in early years
 Acts sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
 In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence, 45
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
 Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence:
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50
 No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?

But these do me no harm, nor they which use
 To out-usure Jews,
 T' out-drink the sea, t' outswear the Litany,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
 As confessors, and for whose sinful sake,
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
 In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
 But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
 Whom time (which rots all, and make botches pox,
 And plodding on must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a lawyer which (alas!) of late,
 But scarce a poet, jollier of this state
 Than are new-benefic'd ministers: he throws,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, whereso'er he goes,
 His title of Barrister on every wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench * *

Words, words which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear,

Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
Language which Boreas might to Aufter hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-Lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there. 70
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his' trust:
For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80

More, more than ten Slavonians scoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys roar.
When sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law-practice for meer gain, bold souls repute
Worse than imbrothell'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like pris'ners, which whole months will swear
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king:
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor

Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to Janßen punts at White's,
 Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piece-meal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, cov'nants, articles, they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than Civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write, for you each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dext'rously omits *ses heires*: 100
 No commentator can more flily pass
 O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;

Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand;
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen stuff,
 And barrelling the droppings and the snuff
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 (Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piece-meal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances big as gloss'd civil laws;
 So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.

Or in quotation shrewd divines leave out
Those words that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
When doom'd to say his beads and even song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r the Pow'r and Glory clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground? 110

We see no new built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the Vestal fire.

Where are those troops of poor that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish that still, in lordly domes, 115
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals;

And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These he writes not, nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length; (as in those first days
When Luther was profest, he did desire

Short Pater-nosters, saying as a fryer
Each day his beads; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r the Power and Glory clause;)

But when he sells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses beires*,
And sily, as any commentor, goes by

Hard words or sense; or in divinity

As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
doubt.

Where are those spread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.

Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals

Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;

These are good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121
 But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence; 125
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason or the law. 128

None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh!) w' allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statute-laws.



SATIRE IV.

WELL; if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
 I've had my purgatory here betimes, 5
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
 The poets' hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
 With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t' admire or be admir'd; 10
 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
 Had no new verses nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court!—the devil would have it so.
 But as the fool that in reforming days 15
 Would go to mass in jest, (as story says,)
 Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 't was no form'd design of serving God,
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
 As prone to ill, and negligent of good, 20

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.
 My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
 Poison'd with love to see or to be seen.
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to court: but as Glare, which did go
 To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
 Before he 'scap'd; so 't pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 Full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster than on Afric's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign. 31
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon:
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
 Cry, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?
 Such was the wight: the apparel on his back,
 Tho' coarse was rev'rend, and tho' bare was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,

As vain, as witless, and as false as they
 Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
 Therefore I suffer'd this. Towards me did run
 A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the fun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
 Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
 Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities;
 Stranger than strangers; one who for a Dane
 In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
 When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise:
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?
 His cloaths were strange tho' coarse, and black tho' bare;
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)

But mere tufftaffety what now remain'd ;
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd !
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do ;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear ; Motteux I knew, 50
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too,
 The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
 The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar : 55
 These I could bear ; but not a rogue so civil
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil :
 A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out ; I whisper, gracious God !
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?

Become tufftaffety ; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.
 The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
 And only knoweth what to all states belongs ;
 Made of the accents and best phrase of all these
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive or hunger force my taste ;
 But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
 Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this ; yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue called complement ;
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
 Jovius or Surius, or both together.
 He names me, and comes to me : I whisper, God !
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,

That all the shot of Dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65

Permit, he cries, no stranger to your fame,
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What speech esteem you most? The King's, said I.
But the best words?—O, Sir, the Dictionary.

You miss my aim; I mean the most acute, 70
And perfect speaker—Onslow, past dispute.

But, Sir, of writers? Swift for closer style,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile.

Why, yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75

Nay, troth the Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:

Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus others' talents having nicely shown, 80
He came by sure transition to his own;

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;

For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the Tow'r had stood. 85

Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made,
Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?

This fellow chuseth me? He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the best linguist? and I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.

Nay, but of men? most sweet Sir! Beza, then,
Some Jesuits, and two rev'rend men

Of our two academies, I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said; Nay, your Apostles were

Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass

By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue he prais'd it, and such wonders told,

That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter

To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tow'r had stood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good

Spirits like you should see and should be seen ;
 The King would smile on you—at least the Queen.
 Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us— 90
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :
 And as for courts, forgive me if I say,
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way.
 Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made ; 95
 And tho' the Court show vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.
 At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies ;
 Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
 To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings !
 Then happy man who shows the tombs ! said I ;
 He dwells amidst the royal family ;
 He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
 And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, ease and bread.
 Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic ! strangely low,
 And coarse of phrase—your English all are so.

You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
 My loneness is ; but Spartanes' fashion ;
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now ; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste ;
 No more can princes' courts, tho' there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
 He, like to a high-stretch'd lutestring squeakt, O, Sir !
 'Tis sweet to talk of kings ! At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey tombs,
 And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
 Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk ;
 Your ears shall hear nought but kings ; your eyes meet
 Kings only ; the way to it is King's-street.
 He smack'd and cry'd, He's base, mechanic coarse,
 So're all your Englishmen in their discourse.

How elegant your Frenchmen! Mine, d'ye mean?

I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111

Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,

Your only wearing is your Paduasoy.

Not, Sir, my only; I have better still,

And this you see is but my dishabille— 115

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke:

But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,

And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;

So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120

You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile

At all my peevishness, and turns his style.

He asks, what news? I tell him of new plays,

New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125

He hears, and as a still, with simples in it,

Between each drop it gives stays half a minute,

Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,

By little and by little drops his lies.

Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows

More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows. 134

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.

Certes, they're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,

Your only wearing is your grogaram.

Not so, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch

He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground

Into an edge hurts worse; so I (fool!) found

Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,

He to another key his stile doth dress,

And asks, what news? I tell him of new plays:

He takes my hand, and as a still, which stays

A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,

As loath to enrich me, so tells many a lye,

More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,

Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows

When the Queen frown'd or smil'd he knows, and what
A subtle minister may make of that :

Who sins, with whom ; who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug ; 135

Whose place is quarter'd out three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop or a where :

Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government :

Who in the secret deals in stocks secure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor :

Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob :

Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town : 145

Shortly no lad shall chuck or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll :

He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150

What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,
I puke, I nauseate—yet he thrusts in more ;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart. 155

When the Queen frown'd or smil'd ; and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that ;

He knows who loves whom, and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion :

He knows who 'ath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-

Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

Toll to some courtier ; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus

He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly like a patient, yet

He thrusts on more ; and as he had undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,

Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens,

Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat,
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh and sweat:
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom:
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill because delay'd:
 Nay hints 'tis by connivance of the Court
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject, stay'd and wise,
 Already half-turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail, so I sigh and sweat
 To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
 Either my humour or his own to fit,
 He, like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names a price for ev'ry office paid:
 He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
 That offices are in tail, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them lasting as far
 As the last day, and that great officers
 Do with the Spaniards share and Dunkirkers.
 Who wastes in meat, in cloaths, in horse he notes;
 Who loves whores
 I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope his jaw
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found,
 That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show

In that nice moment, as another lie
 Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175

To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
 I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see 180
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh! quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense, 185
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruff'd wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.

All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
 To the last farthing: therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross: but th' hour
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, willingly.
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it as ransom. But as fiddlers still,
 Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
 With his long complemental thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the court fill'd with such strange things as he)
 Ran from thence with such or more haste than one
 Who fears more actions doth haste from prison.
 At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suitors at Court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his who dreamt he saw hell did advance

A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
 And forc'd e'en me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me. 195
 Shall I, the terror of this sinful Town,
 Care if a liv'ry lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?
 Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort
 Than such as swell this bladder of a Court? 205
 Now pox on those who shew a court in wax!
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
 Such waxen notes, stately staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser; then
 Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns, and, my mistress Truth! betray thee
 To th' huffing, braggart, puffed nobilitie?
 No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sun! in all thy journey, vanity
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
 Think he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing room, 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 That's velvet for a king! the flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools'-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
 For these are actors too as well as those.
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
 Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him.

'Tis ten a-clock, and past; all whom the meuse,
 Baloun, tennis, diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
 In the presence, and I, (God pardon me!)
 As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
 The fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hose are, cries the flatt'rer; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
 At stage as Court. All are players; whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
 The ladies come. As pirates, which do know
 That there come weak ships fraught with cochineal,
 The men board them, and praise (as they think) well
 Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
 Why good wits: ne'er wear scarlet gowns I thought.
 This cause; these men men's wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.

Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!
 And, sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
 'Twould burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen
 To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
 The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
 Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
 But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime——a hole? 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head;
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes, 250
 With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.

He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
 Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe himself at door refine,
 As if the presence were a Moschite; and list
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate?
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odd tries
 Of his neck to his legs, and waist to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety
 As a young preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes

Let but the ladies smile and they are blest:
 Prodigious! how the things protest, protest. 255
 Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one beauty mortifies another.
 But here's the captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries arm! whose very look's an oath. 261
 The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff:
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring-rams, beats open ev'ry door; 265
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from goals to execution go;

Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests;
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten cardinals into the Inquisition,
 And whispers by Jesu so oft', that a
 Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying of our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague; they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him; he rushes in, as if arm, arm!
 He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse: he keeps all in awe,
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.
 Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from goals to execution go;

For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with giants deadlier than all: 275
 Each man an Askapart, of strength to tofs,
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
 Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
 Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine!
 From such alone the great rebukes endure,
 Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but their's
 To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears. 285
 Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
 In time to come, may pass for holy writ. 287

Go thro' the great chamber, (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing-crofs for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth but Queen's man and fine
 Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine.
 I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers! which are
 Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
 Drown the sins of this place; for, for me,
 Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
 To wash the stains away. Altho' I yet
 (With Machabee' modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise man shall,
 I hope, esteem my writs canonical.



EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES. IN TWO DIALOGUES.

[Written in the Year 1738.]

DIALOGUE I.

F. **N**OT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print.
And when it comes the Court see nothing in't,
You grow correct that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel— 5
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter." 10
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do bus'ness, Higgins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex, 15
In rev'rend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile: 20
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But 'faith, your very friends will soon be fore;
Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought 25
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go, see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert! hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
See him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r; 30
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

Would

Would he oblige me? let me only find
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
 The only diff'rence is—I dare laugh out.

F. Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty,
 A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
 Who never chang'd his principle or wig. 40
 A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
 These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
 And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man so near 45
 "His prince that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
 Why, answer Lyttleton! and I'll engage
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage;
 But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50
 Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
 But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
 These you but anger, and you mend not those.
 Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are fore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more. 56
 To vice and folly to confine the jest
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men
 At sense and virtue balance all agen. 60
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
 And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
 Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
 Come, harmless characters that no one hit; 65
 Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!
 The honey dropping from Favonia's tongue,
 The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense; 70
 The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.

O come!

O come! that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin yet so English all the while.

As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read and girls may understand!

75

Then might I sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,

Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,

80

And hail her passage to the realms of rest.

All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!

So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—

No Gazetter more innocent than I—

And let, a God's name! ev'ry fool and knave

85

Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace;

For merit will by turns forsake them all;

Would you know when? exactly when they fall.

90

But let all satire in all changes spare

Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.

Silent and soft, as saints remove to heav'n,

All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,

These may some gentle ministerial wing

95

Receive, and place for ever near a king!

There, where no passion, pride, or shame, transport,

Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;

There, where no father's, brother's, friend's, disgrace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;

But past the sense of human miseries,

101

All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;

No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,

Save when they lose a question or a job. [glory,

P. Good Heav'n forbid that I should blast their
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,

106

And when three sov'reigns dy'd could scarce be vex't,

Consid'ring what a gracious prince was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things

As pride in slaves and avarice in kings?

110

And at a peer or peeress shall I fret,

Who starves a sister or forswears a debt?

Virtue,

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
 Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
 A fav'rite porter with his master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will? 120
 Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
 To pay their deb'ts, or keep their faith, like kings?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
 But shall a printer, weary of his life, 125
 Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not, bear;
 Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;
 This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin. 130
 Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
 Outdo Landaffe in doctrine—yea in life:
 Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
 Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to Virtue and to me;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's till the same belov'd contented thing. 140
 Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
 But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
 Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess, 145
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And her's the gospel is, and her's the laws;
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragg'd

Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold, 155
 Before her dance; behind her crawl the old!
 See thronging millions to the pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
 Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
 That not to be corrupted is the shame. 160
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
 'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
 See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
 See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law:
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 "Nothing is sacred now but villainy." 170
 Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton, Sir, will say.
 P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow, 'faith it }
 And for that very cause I print to-day. [may; }
 How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line
 In rev'rence to the sins of Thirty-nine? 5
 Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain;
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.
 F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash; 10
 Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
 Spare then the person, and expose the vice.
 P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
 Come on then, Satire! general, unconfin'd,
 Spread thy broad wing, and scuse on all the kind. 15
 Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one religion all!
 Ye Tradesmen, vile in army, court, or hall!
 Ye

Yerev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt, 20
I never nam'd; the Town's inquiring yet.

The pois'ning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't—
F. You do.

P. See now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you if I knew with what:
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not? 27
Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?

Admit your law to spare the knight requires, 30
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop may I name a Dean?

F. A dean, Sir? no: his fortune his not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

P. If not the tradesman who sets up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice, who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great? 45
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe

Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
Still better ministers, or if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—Why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire then nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:

Who

Who now that obsolete example fears?

56

Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad:
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad,
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love,)
The scene, the master op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson giv'n,
To Berkley ev'ry virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy man remove?

That instant, I declare, he has my love:

75

I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;

Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine.

Oft' in the clear still mirror of retreat

I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great:

Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame

80

Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same:

How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!

How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!

How can I Pultney, Chesterfield, forget,

While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?

85

Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,

And shake alike the senate and the field?

Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,

The master of our passions and his own?

Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,

90

Rank'd with their friends, nor number'd with their

And if yet higher the proud list should end, [train;

Still let me say, no foll'wer, but a friend.

Yet think nor friendship only prompts my lays ;
 I follow virtue ; where she shines I praise, 95
 Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the Man of Rofs or my Lord May'r.
 Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret bias to a knave : 101

To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse. 105

But random praise—the talk can ne'er be done ;
 Each mother asks it for her booby son,
 Each widow asks it for the best of men,
 For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground ; 110
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the greatest of these days
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.

Are they not rich? what more can they pretend ?
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend ? 115

What Richlieu wanted Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No pow'r the Muses friendship can command ;
 No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand.
 To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line ; 120

O let my country's friends illumine mine !
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no
 I think your friends are out, and would be in. [sin ;

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
 Is that too little? come then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
 Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave, 130
 And Lyttleton a dark designing knave ;

St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
 But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
 Has never made a friend in private life,
 And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him do I blame?
 Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
 Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
 Oh all accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
 When Paxton gives him double pots and pay, 141
 Or each new-pension'd sycophant pretend
 To break my windows if I treat a friend,
 Then wisely plead to me they meant no hurt,
 But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
 Sure if I spare the minister, no rules 146
 Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
 Sure if they cannot cut, it may be said,
 His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day, 150
 To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
 But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
 Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
 The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
 And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest;
 Which not at present having time to do— 156

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake; where's th' affront to
 Against your Worship when had S—k writ? [you?
 Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
 Or grant the bard whose distich all commend 160
 [In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend]
 To W—le guilty of some venial sin,
 What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery bedropp'd the crown
 How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown. 165
 And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
 Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
 Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }

Let courtly wits to wits afford supply, 171
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
 If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his lord's,
 Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
 The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
 Quite turns my stomach—P. So does flatt'ry mine;
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chatres scarce could write or read;
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse
 Without a staring reas'ning on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's.
 Mine as a foe profess'd to false pretence, 201
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
 Mine as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave; 205 }
 So impudent, I own myself no knave;
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God afraid of me; Safe

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone. 210

O sacred weapon! lost for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal, 216
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of Day,
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings, 224
All that makes faints of queens and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the lost Gazette or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
No Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar, 230
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die, [shrine,
And opes the temple of Eternity. 235
There other trophies deck the truly brave
Than such as Antis casts into the grave;
Far other stars then * and * * wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair!
[Such as on Hough's unsully'd mitre shine, 240
Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.]
Let Envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies: 245
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law.

Here, list of Britons! let your names be read: 250
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man. 255



EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

To Robert Earl of Oxford and Lord Mortimer.*

SUCH were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

5

For him thou oft' hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning, crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

10

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

20

And sure if aught below the seats divine,
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

25

In vain to desarts thy retreat is made,
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,

30

She

* Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our Author after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays, 35
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise,)
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day;
 Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he. 40

EPISTLE II.

To James Craggs, Esq. Secretary of State, 1720.

A SOUL as full of worth as void of pride,
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
 Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
 A face untaught to feign; a judging eye, 5 }
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,
 And strikes a blush thro' frontless flattery.
 All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me: 15
 The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE III.

*To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Dryden's Translation of
 Fresnoy's Art of Painting*.*

THIS verse be thine, my Friend! nor thou refuse
 This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
 Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line,
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maïs, 5
 And from the canvas call the mimic face;

Read

* This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the poet, and originally printed in 1717.

Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire,
 Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire ;
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ; 10
 Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age ;
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
 And each from each contract new strength and light.
 How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer's-suns roll unperceiv'd away !
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art ! 20

How oft' review, each finding, like a friend,
 Something to blame, and something to commend !
 What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !
 Together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly, 25
 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn :
 With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade. 30
 While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome a new,
 Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye,
 A fading fresco here demands a sigh :
 Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small well-polish'd gem, the work of years* ;
 Yet still how faint by precept is express'd 40
 The living image in the painter's breast ?
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow ;

Thence

* Fresnoy employed above 20 years in finishing his Poem.

Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes. 45

Muse ! at that name thy sacred sorrow shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead ;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire ; 50
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife ;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage, 55
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r ! that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worley's eyes ; 60
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh ! lasting as those colours may they shine !
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line ;
New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay ;
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains :
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face ;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul ;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die :
Alas ! how little from the grave we claim !
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE IV.

To Miss Blount, with the Works of Voiture, 1717.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line ;

His

His easy art may happy nature seem ;
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great ;
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read ;
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred :
 His heart his mistress and his friend did share,
 His time the Muse, the witty, and the fair. 10
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle life away ;
 Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
 Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before ;
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs ;
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes :
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious comedy ;
 In ev'ry scene some mortal let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach :
 Let mine an innocent gay farce appear, 25
 And more diverting still than regular ;
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
 Tho' not too strictly bound to time and place.
 Critics in wit or life are hard to please ;
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to womankind :
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide ;
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride ;
 By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame, 35
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
 Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater, in their place :
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst ;
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
 Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
 Or bound in formal or in real chains ; Whole

Whole years neglected for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.

Ah! quit not the free innocence of life 45
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shews nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares, 50
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart. 56

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those age or sickness, soon or late, disarms; 60
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65
A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care* still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name: 70
By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers joys his gentle ghost;
Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you. 76
The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride,
Still to charm those who charm the world beside. 80

EPISTLE

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

EPISTLE V.

*To the same, on her leaving the Town after
the Coronation, 1715.*

AS some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh,
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever;
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent;
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went. 10

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—no words!
Or with his hounds comes hallowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See coronations rise on ev'ry green:
Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,

While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes,
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.

Thus vanish sceptres, coronets and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls ! 40

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headaches or the want of rhyme,)
Stands in the streets abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanquish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight :
Vext to be still in Town I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now. 50

EPISTLE VI.

*To Mr. John Moore, Author of the celebrated
Worm-powder.*

HOW much, egregious Moore ! are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth, 5
Vile reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er since our grandam's evil ; 10
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The blockhead is a Slow-worm ;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame, 15
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies
That flutter for a day ;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay. 20

The flatterer an ear-wig grows ;
 Thus worms suit all conditions ;
 Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
 And death-watches phyicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen 25
 By all their winding play ;
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore ! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise, 30
 If thou couldst make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies !

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free ;
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain, 35
 Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years, no more !
 Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
 Who maggots were before. 40

EPISTLE VII.

To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day.

OH ! be thou blest'd with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend ;
 Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
 With added years, if life bring nothing new, 5
 But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
 Some joys still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain some sad reflection more :
 Is that a birth-day ? 'tis, alas ! too clear,
 'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year. 10

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,

Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and shine upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear,
 Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come.

15

20

EPISTLE VIII.

To Mr. Thomas Southern, on his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin but poetry,
 This day Tom's fair account has run
 (Without a blot) to eighty-one.
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
 A table with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast his tow'ring genius marks
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
 And for his judgment, lo, a pudding!
 Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, altho' a bard devout.
 May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach.

5

10

15

20



MISCELLANIES.

THE BASSET TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

Cardelia.

THE Basset-table spread, the tallier come,
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph! the tallier waits for you.

Smil. Ah, Madam! since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning fair.

Card. Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains;
As you by love, so I by fortune cross;
One, one bad deal three Septlevas have lost.

Smil. Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

Card. A lover lost is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice lost; oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

Smil. See Betty Lovet! very *à-propos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty! who oft' the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

Lov. Tell, tell your griefs, attentive will I stay,
Tho' time is precious, and I want some tea.

Card. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive,
And both the struggling figures seem alive.

Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face ;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.

Jove, Jove himself does on the scissars shine, 35
The metal and the workmanship divine—

Smil. This snuff-box—once the pledge of Sharper's
When rival beauties for the present strove ; [love,
At Corticelli's he the raffle won ;
Then first his passion was in public shown : 40
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.

This snuff-box—on the hinge see brilliants shine,
This snuff-box will I stake the prize is mine.

Card. Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear 45
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And, oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
Tho' my own secret wish was for the knave : 50
The knave won Sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull my Septleva I lose.

Smil. But, ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart ;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair, 55
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear ;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing when first she came to town,
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown : 60
She was my friend ; I taught her first to spread
Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red ;
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays,
And by my int'rest Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch ! with mimic airs grown pert, 65
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

Card. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore
When Winnall tally'd I would punt no more ?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly which I cannot shun. 70

Smil. How many maids have Sharper's vows de-
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd ? [ceiv'd ?
Yet

Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove ;
Ah ! what is warning to a maid in love.

74

Card. But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset and remain unwarm'd ?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain,
In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye :
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast,
And see if reason must not there be lost.

80

85

Smil. What more than marble must that heart com-
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows ? [pose,
Then when he trembles ! when his blushes rise !
When awful love seems melting in his eyes !
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves,
He loves—I whisper to myself, He loves !
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears ;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment you who prudence boast ;
For such a moment prudence well were lost.

90

95

Card. At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away ;
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To Basset's heav'nly joys and pleasing cares ?

100

Smil. Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau ;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show :
Their several graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

105

Lov. Cease your contention, which has been too long ;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide ;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side ;
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree.
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

110

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
 Two trav'lers found an oyſter in their way :
 Both fierce, both hungry, the diſpute grew ſtrong,
 While, ſcale in hand, Dame Juſtice paiſ'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws, 5
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
 Dame Juſtice weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, ſwallows it before their ſight.
 The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
 There take, (ſays Juſtice,) take ye each a ſhell. 10
 We thrive at Weſtminſter on fools like you :
 'Twas a fat oyſter—live in peace—Adieu. 12

Answer to the following Queſtion of Mrs. Howe.

WHAT is prud'ry ?
 'Tis a bedlam,
 Seen with wit and beauty ſeldom.
 'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows ;
 'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miſs Meadows.
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature, 5
 Old, and void of all good nature ;
 Lean and fretful ; would ſeem wiſe,
 Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
 'Tis an ugly envious threw
 That rails at dear Lepell and you. 10

*Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace
 the Duke of Buckingham.*

MUSE, 'tis enough at length thy labour ends,
 And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
 Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
 Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail ; 4
 This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
 Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain.
 Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends. 8

A Prologue by Mr. Pope, to a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great Distress, a little before his Death.

AS when that hero, who, in each campaign,
 Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
 Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
 Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;
 Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5
 But pity'd Belisarius, old and blind?
 Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
 A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
 Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns, II
 Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
 A desp'rate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
 Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own! 16
 Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage,
 If there's a senior who contemns this age,
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's, friend. 24

MACER.

A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First sought a poet's fortune in the Town,
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele:
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these he ventur'd on the Town,
 And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.

There

There he stop'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little ; 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends. 14

So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd,
 Trudges to Town, and first turns chambermaid ;
 Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a-day ;
 'T hought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her simplicity : 20
 In a translated suit then tries the Town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own ;
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan :
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk. 26

S O N G,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart ;
 I a slave in thy dominions :
 Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming, 5
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath yon' flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth ! 10
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV. Cynthia!

IV.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
 Fair Discretion! string the lyre;
 Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
 Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

15

V.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
 Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

20

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

25

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping;
 Melody resigns to Fate.

30

On a certain Lady at Court.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy be silent and attend!)
 I know a reasonable Woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,
 Not grave thro' pride, nor gay thro' folly,
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.

5

" Has

“Has she not faults then, (Envy says,) Sir?”
 Yes, she has one, I must aver;
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The Woman’s deaf, and does not hear. 12

*On his Grotto at Twickenham, composed of Marbles,
 Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals.*

THOU who shalt stop where Thames’ translucent
 wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shady cave;
 Where ling’ring drops from min’ral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
 Unpolish’d gems no ray on pride bestow, 5
 And latent metals innocently glow;
 Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach; but awful! lo! th’ Ægerian Grot,
 Where nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought, 10
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
 And the bright flame was shot thro’ Marchmont’s soul.
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country and be poor. 14

*On receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady Frances
 Shirley a Standish and two Pens.*

YES, I beheld th’ Athenian Queen
 Descend in all her sober charms!
 “And take,” she said, and smil’d serene,
 “Take at this hand celestial arms:
 “Secure the radiant weapons wield;
 “This golden lance shall guard desert,
 “And if a vice dares keep the field,
 “This steel shall stab it to the heart.”

Aw’d, on my bended knees I fell,
 Receiv’d the weapons of the sky,
 And dipp’d them in the fable well,
 The fount of fame or infamy.

“What

- “ What well? what weapon?” Flavia cries,
 “ A standish, steel, and golden pen!
 “ It came from Bertrand’s, not the skies;
 “ I gave it you to write agen. 15
- “ But, Friend! take heed whom you attack;
 “ You’ll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
 “ Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
 “ L— and all about your ears. 20
- “ You’d write as smooth again on glass,
 “ And run on ivory so glib,
 “ As not to stick at fool or afs,
 “ Nor stop at flattery or fib.
- “ Athenian Queen! and sober charms! 25
 “ I tell ye, fool! there’s nothing in’t:
 “ ’Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
 “ In Dryden’s Virgil see the print.
- “ Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,
 “ That dares tell neither truth nor lies, 30
 “ I’ll list you in the harmless roll
 “ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.” 32



EPITAPHS.

I. *On Charles Earl of Dorset, in the Church of Witham, in Suffex.*

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!

Virg.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd;
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay. 5
Bless'd Satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd Courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease. 10
Bless'd Peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line. 14

II. *On Sir William Trumball, one of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who, having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Easthamstead in Berkshire, 1716.*

A PLEASING form, a firm yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too, 5
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny: 10
Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III. *On*

III. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt, only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.*

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.

4

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy-once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

IV. *On James Craggs, Esq. in Westminster-Abbey.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET
DELICIÆ:

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XVI. M, DCC, XX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept; and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V. *Intended for Mr. Rowe in Westminster-Abbey.*

THY reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

5

8.

VI. *On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a
Cancer in her Breast.*

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense :
No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown, 5
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd,
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd. 10

VII. *On the Monument of the Hon. Robert Digby, and
of his sister Mary, erected by their Father the Lord
Digby, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire,
1727.*

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom and pacific truth :
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great :
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere, 5
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear :
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind !
Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine ;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine. 10

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more !
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known! 15
Go where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears; mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys forgive our grief :
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive ;
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give !

VIII. *On*

VIII. *On Sir Godfrey Kneller, in
Westminster-Abbey, 1723.*

KNELLER by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.

4

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

8

IX. *On General Henry Withers in
Westminster-Abbey, 1729.*

HERE, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

6

Withers! adieu; yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

12

X. *On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at
Easthamsted, in Berks, 1730.*

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
A poet blest'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

5

9

XI. *On Mr. Gay in Westminster-Abbey, 1732.*

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit a man, simplicity a child:
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

6

12

XII. *Intended for Sir Isaac Newton, in Westminster-Abbey.*

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
 Mortalem

Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
 God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

XIII. *On Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who died in exile at Paris, 1732.*

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—One pang, and then we part!
 May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart.
 Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
 Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade! I will:
 Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
 O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
 Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
 Yes—Save my country, Heav'n—He said, and dy'd.

10

XIV. *On*

XIV. *On Edmund Duke of Buckingham, who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735.*

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
 And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
 Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
 Or add one patriot to a sinking state,
 This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear, 5
 Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
 The living virtue now had shone approv'd!
 The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
 Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
 Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham, 10
 In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
 Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
 And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heav'n. 14

XV. *For one who would not be buried in Westminster-Abbey.*

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you:
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too. 4

XVI. *Another on the same.*

UNDER this marble, or under this fill,
 Or under this turf, or ev'n what they will,
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head, 4
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not, a pin
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be. 8



THE
DUNCIAD.
BY
ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM THE
TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH
ADVERTISEMENTS, INDEX OF PERSONS,
PREFACES, INDEX OF MATTERS,
LETTERS, PARALLELS,
&c. &c. &c.



THE DUNCIAD.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

Occasioned by the first correct Edition of

THE DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged, by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its Parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world, naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery; a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably

ritably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some of them had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons, as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now, what had Mr. Pope done before to incense them? He had published those Works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the *Dunciad*. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the Public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes puts himself on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposing to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or
other

other party in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character,) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may, in some measure, prevent it, by preserving at least their titles,* and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from

* Which we have done in a List hereto subjoined

from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation, (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there,) but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? if so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the Public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule?

But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed our Author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised, in return, to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the Author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the "Public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the Public, to defend its own judgment.

There

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of. If *obscurity* or *poverty* were to exempt a man from satire, much more should *folly* or *dullness*, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so much dullness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet, perhaps, more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our Author in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations.* But the resemblance

G 2

holds

* Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I. after by the Abbe Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse by the Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbe Reynel, in verse: by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times ; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this. I dare answer for him he will do it in no more ; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons ; for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last ; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance and better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success ; he has lived with the great without flattery ; been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics ; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them—I mean when out of power, or out of fashion.* A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself ; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities ;

* As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems ; Mr. Walsh, after his death ; Sir William Trumball, when he had resigned the office of secretary of state ; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death ; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life ; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the Southsea year, and after his death : others only in Epitaphs.

animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see all along, that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.*

I am your most humble servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND.*

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of fortune,) he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country. And yet, for all this, the Public would never believe him to be the Author of this Letter.



MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE DUNCIAD.

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Pr. Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The Persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, *Pref. to his New Rehearsal.*

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the Town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to MIST, June 22, 1728.*

Attacks may be levelled either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A Satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our Exercitations on this most delectable Poem, (drawn from the many volumes of our *adversaria* on modern Authors,) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet; various, indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence, also, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: in which, if I relate some things of little concern, peradventure, to thee, and some of as little even to him, I intreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle Reader, if (following learned example) I, ever and anon, become tedious; allow me to take the same pains to find whether my Author were good or bad, well or ill-natur'd, modest or arrogant, as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education; but as to these even his contemporaries do

do exceedingly differ. One saith * he was educated at home; another †, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third ‡, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ||, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith § he was kept by his father on purpose; a second **, that he was an itinerant priest; a third ††, that he was a parson: one ‡‡ calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another ||||, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom † one supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another †, a husbandman; another ‡, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblicus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon ||; "Certain it is that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our Poet till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works; though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics, MR.

* Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. II. in his life. † Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4. ‡ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4. || Guardian, No. 40. § Jacob's Lives &c. vol. II. ** Dunciad Dissected, p. 4. †† Farmer P. and his son. ‡‡ Dunciad Dissected. |||| Characters of the Times, p. 45. † Female Dunciad, p. ult. ‡ Dunciad Dissected. † Roome, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729. || Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd,) in the tenth page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his
 “ thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions
 “ absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his
 “ rhymes trivial and common.—Instead of majesty,
 “ we have something that is very mean; instead of
 “ gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead
 “ of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too of-
 “ ten obscurity and confusion.” And in another
 place; “ What rare Numbers are here! Would not
 “ one swear that this youngster had espoused some an-
 “ tiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from
 “ some superannuated sinner, upon account of impo-
 “ tence, and who being poxed by her former spouse,
 “ has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes
 “ her hobble so damnably *?”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercriti-
 cal historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criti-
 “ cism in verse; but if any more curious reader has
 “ discovered in it something *new*, which is not in
 “ Dryden’s Prefaces, Dedications, and his Essay on
 “ Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics,
 “ I should be very glad to have the benefit of the dis-
 “ covery †.”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the
 modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great respect to our Poet, not naming
 him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the
 Duke of Buckingham’s, and the Criticisms of Dryden,
 and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth ‡: “ As
 “ to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in

* Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapsody called, An Essay on
 Criticism, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

† Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Cri-
 tical History of England.

‡ Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

“ verse and prose, that have been written by the Mo-
 “ derns on this ground-work, they do but hackney
 “ the same thoughts over again, making them still
 “ more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a
 “ pert, insipid heap of common place. Horace has,
 “ even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things
 “ which plainly shew he thought an Art of Poetry
 “ was of no use, even while he was writing one.”

To all which great authorities we can only oppose
 that of

MR. ADDISON.

“ * The Art of Criticism, ” saith he, “ which
 “ was published some months since, is a masterpiece
 “ in its kind, The observations follow one another
 “ like those in Horace’s Art of Poetry, without that
 “ methodical regularity which would have been re-
 “ quisite in a prose writer. They are some of them
 “ *uncommon*, but such as the reader must assent to,
 “ when he sees them explained with that ease and per-
 “ spicuity in which they are delivered. As for those
 “ which are the most known, and the most received,
 “ they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustra-
 “ ted with such apt allusions, that they have in them
 “ all the graces of novelty, and make the reader,
 “ who was before acquainted with them, still more
 “ convinced of their truth and solidity. And here
 “ give me leave to mention what Mons. Boileau has
 “ so well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works;
 “ that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much
 “ in advancing things that are new, as in giving
 “ things that are known an agreeable turn. It is im-
 “ possible for us, who live in the latter ages of the
 “ world, to make observations in criticism, morality,
 “ or any art or science, which have not been touched
 “ upon by others; we have little else left us but to re-
 “ present the common sense of mankind in more strong,
 “ more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a rea-
 “ der examines Horace’s Art of Poetry, he will find

* Spectator, No. 253.

“ but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in
 “ Aristotle, and which were not commonly known
 “ by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of
 “ expressing and applying them, not his invention of
 “ them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the
 “ same kind of sublime which he observes in the seve-
 “ ral passages that occasioned them. I cannot but
 “ take notice that our English Author has, after the
 “ the same manner, exemplified several of the precepts
 “ in the very precepts themselves.” He then produces
 some instances of a particular beauty in the Numbers,
 and concludes with saying, that, “ There are three
 “ poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each
 “ a master-piece in its kind; the Essay on Transla-
 “ ted Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the
 “ Essay on Criticism.”

Of Windsor Forest positive is the judgment of affir-
 mative.

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

“ * That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently
 “ writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir
 “ John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is
 “ ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barba-
 “ rous.”

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of Claremont †, differs
 from this opinion: “ Those who have seen these two
 “ excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor Fo-
 “ rest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other
 “ by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if
 “ they approve of this.”

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the ob-
 scure writer of a poem called Sawney, “ That be-
 “ cause a Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest
 “ tastes, our Author writ his Eloise in opposition to
 “ it, but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

† Printed 1728, p. 12.

“ away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires,
 “ all the rest is of no value.” In which, methinks,
 his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a
 villa and garden by the Thames: “ All this is very
 “ fine; but take away the river, and it is good for
 “ nothing.”

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying, in his *Alma* *,

“ O Abelard! Ill fated youth,
 “ Thy tale will justify this truth:
 “ But well I weet thy cruel wrong
 “ Adorns a nobler poet's song:
 “ Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
 “ With kind concern and skill has weav'd
 “ A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
 “ Its colours: gently has he laid
 “ The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
 “ And Venus shall the texture bless,” &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the *Iliad*, celebrated by numerous pens; yet it shall suffice to mention the indefatigable.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our Author) yet styleth this “ A laudable Translation †.”
 That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it ‡: “ The spirit of Homer breathes all
 “ through this Translation.—I am in doubt whether I
 “ should most admire the justness to the Original, or
 “ the force and beauty of the Language, or the found-
 “ ing variety of the Numbers; but when I find all
 “ these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says
 “ of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung
 “ with ease a weighty stone that two common men
 “ could not lift from the ground; just so one single

* *Alma*, canto 2.

† In his *Essays*, vol. I. printed for E. Curl.

‡ *Censor*, Vol. II. No. 33.

“ person has performed, in this Translation, what I
 “ once despaired to have seen done by the force of se-
 “ veral masterly hands.” Indeed the same gentleman
 appears to have changed his sentiment in his *ESSAY* on
 the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in *MIST’S*
JOURNAL, March 30, 1728,) where he says thus:
 “ In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into
 “ his head to descend into Homer, (let the world won-
 “ der, as it will, how the devil he got there,) and pre-
 “ tend to do him into English, so his version denotes
 “ his neglect of the manner how.” Strange variation!
 We are told in

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8,

“ That this Translation of the *Iliad* was not in all
 “ respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend
 “ Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a
 “ younger Muse in an undertaking of this kind, which
 “ he supervised himself.” Whether Mr. Addison did
 find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears
 from his own testimony the year following its publica-
 tion, in these words :

MR. ADDISON, *FREEHOLDER*, No. 40.

“ When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I
 “ am in a particular manner pleased with the labours
 “ of those who have improved our language with the
 “ translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We
 “ have already most of their historians in our own
 “ tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our
 “ language, it hath been taught to express with ele-
 “ gance the greatest of their poets in each nation.
 “ The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn
 “ to judge from Dryden’s *Virgil* of the most perfect
 “ epic performance; and those parts of *Homer* which
 “ have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us
 “ reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear in English
 “ with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this
 younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman
 (who is a friend of our Author) employed by Mr.

Addison to translate it *after* him, since he saith himself that he did it *before* *. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our Author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespeare on the stage: "Let him" (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL,

June 8, 1728)

" publish such an author as he has least studied, and
 " forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor.
 " In this project let him lend the bookseller his name
 " (for a competent sum of money) to promote the cre-
 " dit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle Reader,
 be pleased to cast thine eye on the Proposal below
 quoted, and on what follows (some months after the
 former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8.
 " The bookseller proposed the book by subscription,
 " and raised some thousands of pounds for the same:
 " I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits of
 " this extravagant subscription."

" After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

" the sequel of that work, the Odyssæy; and having se-
 " cured the success by a numerous subscription, he
 " employed some *underlings* to perform what, accord-
 " ing to his Proposals, should come from his own
 " hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth
 oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(printed for J. WATTS, Jan. 10, 1724.)

" I take this occasion to declare, that the subscription
 " for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and

* Vide Preface to Mr. Tickle's Translation of the First Book of the Iliad, 4to.

“ that the benefit of this Proposal is not solely for my
 “ own use, but for that of two of my friends, who
 “ have assisted me in this work.” But these very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himself in another of MIST’s JOURNALS, March 30, 1728, saying,
 “ That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by
 “ assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension
 “ of the whole.” Behold! these *underlings* are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun, without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right Honourable Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citation, and proceed.

MIST’s JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

“ Mr. Addison raised this Author from obscurity,
 “ obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the
 “ whole body of our nobility, and transferred his
 “ powerful interests with those great men to this rising
 “ bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual
 “ contributions on the Public.” Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, “ Mr. Wycherly had before introduced him into
 “ a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and
 “ brightest wits then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his
 “ body lifeless, but this Author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend;
 “ and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal
 “ public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own
 H 2 cause;

cause! the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our Author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in our Author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime, (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality,) to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE-SMITH, Gent.

“ * Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the the author of the Rival Modes: the said Mr. James Moore-Smith, in a letter to our Author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, “ That these verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his Comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely if we add the testi-

* Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

monies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them as our Author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of such honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE-SMITH.

“ * The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull
 “ and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence
 “ of our religion and constitution, and who has been
 “ dead many years.” This seemeth also most untrue, it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person's (Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that history of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our Author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse: but being able to obtain from our Author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the
 “ Contempt he had for the work of that reverend pre-
 “ late, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it.” This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the aforesaid Right Honourable and worthy personages,

* Daily Journal, April, 3, 1728.

for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same! and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our Author, the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

“ * And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
 “ As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
 “ Unless I justly could at once commend
 “ A good companion, and as firm a friend.
 “ One moral, or a mere well-natur’d deed,
 “ Can all desert in sciences exceed.”

So also is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

“ † Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
 “ What laurel’d arch for thy triumphant muse?
 “ Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
 “ Though every laurel through the dome be thine---
 “ Go to the good and just, an awful train:
 “ Thy soul’s delight.-----”

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition,
 and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

“ ‡ O! ever worthy, ever crown’d with praise!
 “ Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays,
 “ Add, that the Sisters ev’ry thought refine,
 “ And even thy life be faultless as thy line;
 “ Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 “ Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
 “ A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign’d,
 “ Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.”

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners

* Verses to Mr. P. on his Translation of Homer.

† Poem prefixed to his Works.

‡ In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

of the times, calleth out upon our Poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

“ * Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses’ train,
“ Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?”

MR. MALLET,
in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

“ Whose life, severely scan’d, transcends his lays;
“ For wit, supreme is but his second praise.”

MR. HAMMOND,
that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus,
in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now fir’d by Pope and Vi tue, leave the age,
“ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
“ And trace the Author through his moral page,
“ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

MR. THOMSON,
in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

“ Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
“ Yet is his life the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned
clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME,

“ † Thus nobly rising in fair Virtue’s cause,
“ From thy own life transcribe th’ unerring laws.”

And, to close all, hear the Reverend Dean
of St. Patrick’s:

“ A soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,
“ By patriots, priests, and poets taught:
“ Whose filial piety excels
“ Whatever Grecian story tells.
“ A genius for each business fit,
“ Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted

MR.

* Universal Passion, Sat. I.

† In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him : “ A little affected hypocrite, who has
 “ nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friend-
 “ ship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He
 “ is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has
 “ a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands
 “ them with some defect which is just contrary to some
 “ good quality for which all their friends and their
 “ acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a
 “ particular pique to people of quality, and authors
 “ of that rank. He must derive his religion from St.
 “ Omer’s.”—But in the character of Mr. P. and his
 writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716,) he saith,
 “ Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet
 “ he laughs at it; but that, nevertheless, he is a
 “ virulent Papist; and yet a pillar for the Church of
 “ England.” Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *MIST’S JOURNAL* of
 June 22, 1718, “ That, if he is not shrewdly abused,
 “ he made it his business to cackle to both parties in
 “ their own sentiments.” But as to his pique against
 people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree,
 but saith, (May 8, 1728,) “ He had, by some means or
 “ other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole
 “ body of our nobility.”

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis
 and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all
 plain, by assuring us, “ That he is a creature that re-
 “ conciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a
 “ man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and
 “ the same time) of *Guardians* and *Examiners**: an
 “ asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power of
 “ kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a
 “ foul pretender to candour.” So that upon the whole
 account, we must conclude him either to have been a

* The names of two weekly papers.

great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is he is little favoured of certain authors whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast*; another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life†. One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself‡. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament then under prosecution||. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom**; and assureth the Public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meets††. Another gives information of treason discovered in his Poem‡‡. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses*! and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes, at length, the two most sacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad†!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespeare, declares, “He has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion

* Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22d, 1728.

† Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16.

‡ *Gulliveriana*, p. 332. || Anno 1723. ** Anno 1729.

†† Preface to *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

‡‡ Page 6, 7, of the preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, *A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies*. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1714.

* Key to the *Dunciad*, 3d edition, p. 18.

† A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the fore-mentioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

“ of his genius and excellencies, that, notwithstanding
 “ he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry
 “ for the writings of this inimitable Poet, he would
 “ be very loath even to do him justice at the expence
 “ of that other gentleman’s character*.”

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, “ That Mr. Pope
 “ would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid’s Epistles
 “ by his hand ; for it is certain we see the original of
 “ Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness
 “ in his version than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And
 “ this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in
 “ the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly
 “ and naturally written upon Love†.” He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challenges him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue ; declares “ The
 “ purity and perfection of the English language to be
 “ found in his Homer ; and, saying there are more
 “ good verses in Dryden’s Virgil than in any other
 “ work, excepts this of our Author only‡.”

The Author of a Letter to Mr. Cibber

says ||, “ Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his
 “ predecessor, Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary,
 “ Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is
 “ equal to any body’s ; and that he *had* all the merit
 “ that a man can have that way.” And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our Author’s Homer, crieth out,

“ But

* Introduction to Shakespeare Restored, in quarto, p. 3.

† Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham’s Essay, 8vo. 1721, p. 97, 98.

‡ In his prose Essay on Criticism.

|| Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

“ But in his other works what beauties shine,
 “ While sweetest music dwells in ev’ry line!
 “ These he admir’d, on these he stamp’d his praise,
 “ And bade them live to brighten future days*.”

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem †, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

“ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
 “ (I un’d justly high, or regularly low)
 “ That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
 “ Pope more than we can offer should receive:
 “ For when some gliding river is his theme,
 “ His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream,” &c.

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, “ The smooth numbers of the
 “ Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any
 “ other merit;” yet that same paper hath these words:
 “ The Author is allowed to be a perfect master of an
 “ essay and elegant versification. In all his works we
 “ find the most happy turns, and natural similies,
 “ wonderfully short, and thick sown.”

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this Poem, is bestowed by our Laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who “ grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than
 “ ever was writ:” but adds, “ it was a victory over
 “ a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost
 “ cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well tri-
 “ umph for having killed so many silly flies that of-
 “ fended him. Could he have let them alone, by this
 “ time, poor souls! they had all been buried in obli-
 “ vion ‡.” Here we see our excellent Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him. The

* Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

† Printed under the title of The Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

‡ Cibber’s Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert* confess, “That
“some men of good understanding value him for his
“rhymes.” And (p. 17.) “That he has got, like
“Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dry-
“den,) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing
“smooth verse.”

Of his Essay on Man numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“Auspicious Bard! while all admire thy strain,
“All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
“I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
“Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
“Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
“Alike informs thy soul, and charms the ear.”

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote† to the unknown Author, on the first publication of the said Essay; “I must own, after the re-
“ception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry
“hath lately met with, I was surpris’d to see what I

* *In concert.*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: “As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon
“the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one
“line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters
“from Gildon will plainly shew that we are not writers in concert with
“each other.

“Sir,

“---The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment;
“and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the
“extent of the reward of my labour.”

“Sir,

“I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent Pamphlet till
“this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you
“will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance de-
“serves, &c. Ch. Gildon.”

“Now is it not plain that any one who send such compliments to ano-
“ther, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he
“sends them?” Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis
is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

† In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

“ had long despaired, a performance deserving the
 “ name of a Poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is,
 “ indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have
 “ been published in an age and country more worthy
 “ of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you
 “ are sure to have it in the amplest manner,” &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! “ A most notorious instance (quoth he) of
 “ the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation
 “ this Essay meets with *.—I can safely affirm, that
 “ I never attacked any of these writings, unless they
 “ had success infinitely beyond their merit.—This,
 “ though an empty, has been a popular scribbler.
 “ The epidemic madness of the times has given him
 “ reputation †.—If, after the cruel treatment so many
 “ extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country for these last hundred years,
 “ I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury
 “ changed at once to riot and profuseness, and more
 “ squandered away upon one object than would have
 “ satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men,
 “ the reader, to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of Art and Nature; would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. But if
 “ I should venture to assure him that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would
 “ either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer,
 “ or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne’s) ministry
 “ was designed by Fate to encourage fools ‡.”

VOL. III.

6

I

But

* Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

† Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

‡ Remarks on Homer, p. 8. 9.

But it happens that this our Poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis * ascribes to him two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works.† The Daily Journal, May 11, 1728, assures us, “He
“ is below Tom Durfey in the drama; because (as
“ that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched,
“ and the Boarding-School, are better than the What-
“ d'ye-call it;” which is not Mr. P's. but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48,
“ That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane
“ Gray;” but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, “He wrote a pamphlet
“ called Dr. Andrew Tripe‡;” which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures, in Mist of the 27th of April, “That the Treatise of the Pro-
“ found is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the au-
“ thor of it.” The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, “The whole, or greatest
“ part, of the merit of this treatise must and can
“ only be ascribed to Gulliver§.” [Here, gentle Reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in Mist of June 8, “That his own
“ plays and farces would better have adorned the Dun-
“ ciad

* Remarks on Homer, p. 8. † Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

‡ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6. § Gulliver, p. 336.

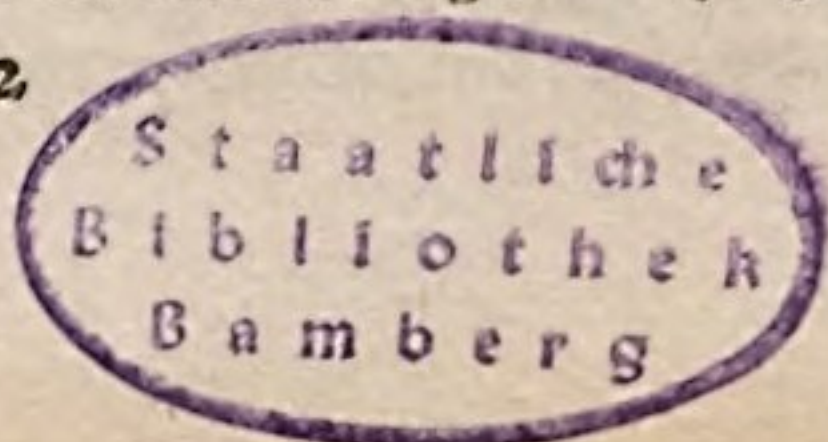
“ciad than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither
 “genius for tragedy nor comedy.” Which, whether
 true or not, it is not easy to judge, in as much as he
 had attempted neither; unless we will take it for
 granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very
 angry at hearing a friend’s play abused, was an infalli-
 ble proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber
 thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned
 for any but himself: “Now let any man judge (saith
 “he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the
 “child*?”

But from all that hath been said, the discerning rea-
 der will collect, that it little availed our Author to
 have any candour, since, when he declared he did not
 write for others, it was not credited; as little to have
 any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any
 way himself, the presumption of others was imputed
 to him. If he singly enterprized one great work, he
 was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy†: if
 he took assistants in another, it was complained of,
 and represented as a great injury to the Public‡. The
 loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the
 state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on
 wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even
 full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and mur-
 ders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, no-
 thing so bad, which had not, at one or other season,
 been to him ascribed. If it bore no author’s name,
 then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon
 that author to be yet better concealed; if it resembled
 any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not,
 then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct
 oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have
 equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most
 rare and singular character! of which let the reader
 make what he can. Doubtless

* Cibber’s Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.

† Burnet’s Homerides, p. 1 of his translation of the Iliad.

‡ T. the London and Mist’s Journals, on his undertaking the Odysey.



Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and, from the testimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundless as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle Reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS
OF THE POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night and Dulness, so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our Poet: for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyssy X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssy gave an example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the Hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our Poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity.

posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssæy.

Now forasmuch as our Poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem, with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that so few of the Moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the Greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the licence of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it. Now

* Now our Author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way there was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dulness and poverty; the one with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory † (as the construction of epic poetry requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works‡. He proceedth to shew the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce||: then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them**; and (above all) that self-opinion †† which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action‡‡: and none could be more so than that which our Poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our Author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children

A person

* Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

† Bossu, chap. vii.

‡ Book I. ver. 32, &c.

|| Ver. 45, to 54.

** Ver. 57, to 77.

†† Ver. 80.

‡‡ Bossu, chap. vii, viii.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name*. He finds it to be —; and he becomes of course the Hero of the Poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition, the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the Second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters, of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the Third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second the libellous Novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the Characters, the Public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The Manners are so depicted, and the Sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them “a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly
“flies†;” but adds, “our Author's wit is remarka-
“bly more bare and barren whenever it would fall
“foul on Cibber than upon any other person whatever.”

The

* Bosſu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

† Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9. 12. 41.

The Descriptions are singular, the Comparisons very quaint, the Narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of Diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the Words, but only the Images, have been censured; and yet are those Images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up,) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Antients; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the Commentator and Poet himself: yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole Poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his Alfred*. True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterwards

* See his Essays,

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such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our Author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of THE DUNCIAD. P.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated; but when he cometh to speak of the Person of the Hero fitted for such Poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore let our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the Greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, consequently, that the Poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of this poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as becometh the dignity of his character.

But

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight: for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the Muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: ‘ Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et
 ‘ injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus
 ‘ enim diversis, ut in utramque partem moveri necesse
 ‘ est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit et
 ‘ malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit.
 ‘ Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et
 ‘ malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.’ Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted:
 “ If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither
 “ are they delighted with the good and just: for con-
 “ trary objects must either excite contrary affections
 “ or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good
 “ men must at the same time hate the bad; and he
 “ who hateth not bad men cannot love the good; be-
 “ cause to love good men proceedeth from an aversion
 “ to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to
 the good.” From this delicacy of the Muse arose the Little Epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic,) and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out to make thereof an example; an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets his offspring; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne
 all

all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce, in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our Poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the Greater Epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un bonnête homme**; but it never admitted of any doubt but that the Hero of the Little Epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliest graces of the Little Epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the Greater Epic Hero are *wisdom, bravery, and love*, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth that those of the Lesser Epic Hero should be *vanity, assurance, and debauchery*: from which happy assemblage resulteth Heroic Dulness, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? “ Let the world
“ (will

* Si un heros poetique doit etre un honnête homme, Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

“ (will such a one say) impute to me what folly or
 “ weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me
 “ something that will make me more heartily happy,
 “ I am contented to be gazed at*.” This, we see,
 is vanity, according to the heroic gage or measure:
 not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to
 virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of be-
 ing gazed at for glorying in those vices which every
 body knows we have. “ The world may ask (says he)
 “ why I make my follies public? Why not? I have
 “ passed my time very pleasantly with them†.” In
 short, there is no sort of vanity such a Hero would
 scruple to exult in, but that which might go near to
 degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad,
 namely, “ Whether it would not be vanity in him to
 “ take shame to himself for not being a wise man‡?”

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is
 courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its cor-
 respondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage
 all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn
 together, must needs have more force and spirit than
 when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage
 in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only
 men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the
 bravest character in all the *Æneis*: but how? His
 bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy.
 And can we say less of this brave man's? who having
 told us that he placed “ His *summum bonum* in those
 “ follies which he was not content barely to possess,
 “ but would likewise glory in,” adds, “ If I am
 “ misguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow her||.”
 Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality
 a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious
 marks of it which made his face “ more known (as
 “ he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;”
 and his language to consist of what we must allow to
 be the most daring figure of speech, that which is
 taken from the name of God.

* Ded. to the Life of C. Cibber. † Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

‡ Life of C. Cibber, p. 2. octavo. || Ibid. p. 23.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakspeare calls it) *Summer-teeming lust*, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our Poet somewhere speaketh of*; but when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the Little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think (argueth he) to say only a man has his whore †, ought to go for little or nothing? Because, *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty ‡." But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life? not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning

"——— Servetur ad imum
"Qualis ab incepto processerat."———

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded: for how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this po-

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litical

* Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

† Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"And has not Colly still his lord and whore,
"His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?"

‡ C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

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litical calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone thro' the three constituent qualities of either Hero; but it is not in any, nor in all these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the Greater Epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonry, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it* of the Little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason, but risibility, distinguished the human species from the brutal. "As Nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been, by that faculty, as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them†." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits! and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden ‡.

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us that all these are of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular fa-

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* C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31. † C. Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24.
‡ Letter, p. 8.

vour and protection of the great, who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and centre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what Sham-Hero or Phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the Fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,"

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as becometh any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this dignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbecoming the eye of Empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber, "Ha! (saith he) fast asleep it seems! that is a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool*."

K 2

However,

* C. Cibber's Letter, p. 53.

However, the injured Laureat may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will * live at least, though not awake, and in no worse condition than many enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace might be of service to our Hero: for that disastrous knight, being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality †, only replied with a sigh, “Patience, and shuffle the cards ‡.”

But now, as nothing in this world, no, not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our Hero’s title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad of Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons, (a person “Never a hero even on the stage §”) to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*: “That every man is the carver of his “own fortune.” The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. “Let him (saith “he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and “he will of course be able to achieve the highest.” From this principle it followeth that nothing can exceed our Hero’s prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly

* C. Cibber’s Letter, p. 1. † See Cibber’s Letter to Mr. P.

‡ Don Quixote, Part II. Book ii. ch. 22. § See C. Cibber’s Life, p. 148.

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 paragon himself; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition *; to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy†; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty‡; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power §. At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements ||; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired **; to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence ††; and, to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing Pastoral Letters ††.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution §§ face to face in Nottingham, at a time when other patriots contented themselves to follow her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes ||||. But he shone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution *, and was a gossip at her christening with the bishop and the ladies †.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a Maker of both †. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all §: and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must

K 3

needs

* See C. Cibber's Life, p. 149. † Ib. p. 424. ‡ Ib. p. 366. § Ib. p. 457.
 || Ib. p. 18. ** Ib. p. 425. †† P. 436, 437. †† P. 52. §§ P. 47.

||| "Old Battle-array in confusion is fled,

"And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his stead," &c.

Cibber's *Birth, or New Year's Day Ode*.

* Cibber's Life, p. 57. † P. 58, 59. ‡ A Statuary. § Life.

needs be procured for this achievement, even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our Hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men, and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful Gamester. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection, of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

" ———ultima semper

" Expectanda dies homini: diesque beatus

" Ante obitum nemo supremæque funera debet:

" That no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour." But to this also we have an answer, which will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his Vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with*." Our Poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune†." And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to Buffoonry, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 424. † Ib. p. 19.

“ than my skin : I have often tried, but they stick too
 “ close to me ; nor am I sure my friends are displeased
 “ with them, for in this light I afford them frequent
 “ matter of mirth,” &c. &c.*. Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epopæian*) and devolveth upon the Poet ; is now his property ; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, embowelled and embalmed for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophesy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity ! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive ! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, “ My dulness
 “ will find somebody to do it right†.”

“ Tandem Phoebus adest, morsusque inferre parentem
 “ Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus. ‡”

* Cibber's Life, p. 17. † Ib. p. 243. Octavo Edit.
 ‡ Ovid of the Serpent biting at Orpheus's Head.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the Five first imperfect Editions of the Dunciad, in Three Books, printed at Dublin and London, in Octavo and Duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept

The publisher.] Who he was is uncertain ; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Dungen, “ That most judges are of opinion this Preface “ is not of English extraction, but Hibernian,” &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said in a sort, to be author of the Poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this Poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows :
 There

accept it as favourable as if it were some kindness done to themselves : whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, bookfellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the Town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person, of Mr. Pope ; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Works, (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jerley, Guernsey, the Orcades, those

There was published in these Miscellanies a Treatise of the Bathos, or, Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part, at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise ; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age ; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind ; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dullness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the bookfellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad ; and he thought it an happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the Poem.

About a hundred thousand.] It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureat (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) " Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious incumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c. --- it is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the Author's own.)

those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem * attacked no man living who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it is no concern to the reader ; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication ; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say ; and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him ; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have

The Author of the following Poem, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

* The Publisher, in these words, went a little too far ; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him are of such ; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:—

“ Oh mihi bisseuos multum vigilata per annos,
“ Duncia *!”

Hence also we learn the true title of the Poem; which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the Ancients, and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches: for, whoever will consider the unity of the whole design,

The labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. J. Ralph, preface to *Sawney*: “ We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the Author’s sense to have employed so large a part of his life,” &c. So also Ward, preface to *Durgen*: “ The *Dunciad*, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the Author six years’ retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching,” &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what *Scriblerus* said of the Poem.

* The prefacer to *Curl’s Key*, p. 3. took this word to be really in *Statius*: “ By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad*, is formed.” Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

sign, will be sensible that the Poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the Poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious if he cannot decypher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B? &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which happens to be that of a real person.

A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

*In which our Author was abused before the Publication
of the Dunciad, with the true Names of the Authors.*

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satirical on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal; or, Bayes the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's Plays, and a Word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. By Charles Gildon. Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides; or, A Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended Translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel, Thomas Burnet and G. Duckett, Esquires. Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a Vision, in Imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d. The

The Catholic Poet; or, Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Duckett, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. By Griffin, a Player, supervised by Mr. Th———. Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend. Anon. Dennis. Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay. J. D. Breval. Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. Bez. Morris, 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, A Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. Leonard Welsted, 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic Poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. Eliza Haywood, 8vo. Printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in Prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England. J. Oldmixon, octavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedly. Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times: or, An Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of several Gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the Public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Written by Mr. Concanen.

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. By James Moore Smith.

Idem, March 29. A Letter about Therfites, accusing the Author of disaffection to the government. By James Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation: or, A Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. Supposed by Mr. Theobald.

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James Moore Smith.

Flying-Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. By Mr. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James Moore Smith.

Flying-Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. F——'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Therfites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. John Dennis.

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anon. octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waste paper

many years, were, upon the publication of the *Dunciad*, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few,) by advertising them in this manner;—
 “ The Confederates, a Farce. By Capt. Brevai, (for
 “ which he was put into the *Dunciad*.) An Epilogue
 “ to Powel’s Puppet-show. By Col. Duckett, (for
 “ which he was put into the *Dunciad*.) Essays, &c.
 “ By Sir Richard Blackmore. (*N.B.* It was for a
 “ passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into
 “ the *Dunciad*.)” And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the *Dunciad*, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, “ That the complaint of the aforesaid libels
 “ and advertisements were forged and untrue; that all
 “ mouths had been silent except in Mr. Pope’s praise;
 “ and nothing against him published but by Mr. Theobald.”]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the *Dunciad*; with a Critique on that Poem. By J. Ralph, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed by J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the *Dunciad*. By E. Curl, 12mo, price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female *Dunciad*. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo, price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The *Dunciad* Dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, octavo. The

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter, signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope——Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. Bezaleel Morris, against Mr. P——. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying-Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*Any thing which any body should send*" as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and "*published as their's.*"

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. by George Duckett and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth Chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into One Epistle, and was published

by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of *Dulness and Scandal*, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verfes on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'squire. Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-Court, Lord H—y. Printed for J. Roberts. Also folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-Garden, octavo.

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To the first Edition with Notes, in quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the *Dunciad* than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt the Author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends by an impression at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends this Poem was sent me from several hands, and, consequently, must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time; and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Sciblerus I need say nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the Poem too much a Canto, our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

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To the first Edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the Author of the Three first Books of the Dunciad that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident,

accident, in taking the survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the Author of the Three first Books had a design to extend and complete his Poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that “The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it:” and, from the declaration in the argument to the Third Book, that “The accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.” But whether or no he be the Author of this we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six Books of the *Æneid*, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any Criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future Impressions of this Poem.

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To the complete Edition of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this Poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous

notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the Author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this Poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable Hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author; this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it. W. W.

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Printed in the Journals, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they had looked upon them as an abuse; we can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

A PARALLEL

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense.* A true republican son of monarchical church †. A republican Atheist ‡. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last §.

In the poem called Absalom and Ahithophel, are notoriously traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of Majesty itself ||.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor.** His very Christianity may be questioned ††. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others ‡‡. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility. §§

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre. |||| Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a question*.

Mr. DRYDEN's Virgil.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to shew that this is not that Virgil so much admired in the Augustan age, but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer †. None but a Bavius, a Mævius,

* Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6. † Ib. p. 38.
‡ Ib. p. 192. § Ib. p. 8. || Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref. ** Ibid. †† Milbourn, p. 9. ‡‡ Ib. p. 175.
§§ Ib. p. 39. |||| Whip and Key, Pref. * Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. † Milbourn, p. 2.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS
OF MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. POPE, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning *. Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent †. Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and High-flyer ‡. He is both a Whig and Tory §.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments ||.

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Bishops, the Established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal **.

He is a Popish rhymster, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings ††. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles ‡‡. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome §§.

Mr. POPE only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit |||. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse*.

Mr. POPE's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him,
one

* Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12. † Dunciad Dissected. ‡ Pref. to Gulliveriana. § Dennis, Character of Mr. P. || Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728. ** List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6. †† Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. ‡‡ Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. §§ Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. ||| Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728. * Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

vius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his Translator*. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression.†

Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase‡. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly§. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity||. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author**. This shews how fit Mr. Dryden may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἰχῶρ for ἐχῶρ, must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press††. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for use‡‡.

The Translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers§§.

Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name|||. *Poëtis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets*. Names

* Milbourn, p. 35. † Ib. p. 22, and 102. ‡ Ib. p. 72. § Ib. p. 203. || Ib. p. 73. ** Ib. p. 206. †† Ib. p. 19. ‡‡ Ib. p. 144, 190. §§ Ib. p. 67. ||| Ib. p. 192. * Ib. p. 125.

one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene*. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge †.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification.—But this little Author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expression ‡.

Mr. POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little §. I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek ||. He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question **. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies and the gentlemen who judge like ladies ††.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it ‡‡.

Mr. POPE tricked his Subscribers.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but it is too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of §§. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers |||. *Names*

* Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. † Ib. p. 14. ‡ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91. § Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. || Daily Journal, April 23, 1728. ** Suppl. to the Profound Preface. †† Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. ‡‡ Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. §§ Homerides, p. 1, &c. ||| British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An *Ape*.] A crafty ape drest up in a gawdy gown
—Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with
—None but apish and Papish brats will heed him *.

An *Ass*.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all †.

A *Frog*.] Poet Squab, endued with Poet Maroe's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox ‡.

A *Coward*.] A Clinias, or a Damætus, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage §.

A *Knave*.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I have read somewhat of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty ||.

A *Fool*.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool **.
—Some great poets are positive blockheads ††.

A *Thing*.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden ‡‡.

* Whip and Key, pref. † Milbourn, p. 105. ‡ Ib. p. 11. § Ib. p. 176. || Ib. p. 57. ** Whip and Key, pref. †† Milbourne, p. 34. ‡‡ Ibid. p. 35.



Names bestowed on Mr. POPE.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, *viz.* A. P. E. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face *, &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass †.

A Frog.] A squab short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox ‡.

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward §.

A Knave.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty ||.

A Fool.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer **.

A Thing.] A little abject thing ††.

* Dennis's Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. † Dennis's Rem. on Hom. pref. ‡ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9. § Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. || Ibid. ** Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. †† Ibid. p. 8.





BY AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, We have revised this Piece; where, finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this Work; and do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other Person do presume to fill the same.

BY THE AUTHOR, A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine; the said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, * beginning with the words The mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impression to be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses: Provided always,

M 2

that

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word Flies," as formerly it stood: read also, "containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses," instead of "One thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initials and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this Poem.

A DECLARATION.

that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor,

Thou art to know, Reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author, (though living, and not blind:) the editor himself confessed as much in his preface; and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton himself gave but ten books, his editor twelve: this Author gave four books, his editor only three. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTLEY.



THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddesses in the City, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the Poem. He is described renfivè among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper Books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the Poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet-Laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

You

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood: for the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure not caring to recall to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But in this case it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader in justification of the Poet, and, on occasion, of the Editor.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.

Schol. Vet.

VARIATIONS.

v. 1. *The mighty Mother, &c.*] In the first edition it was thus:
Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.
Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works, (so Jove and Fate require,)
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curs'd,
Still-----

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous work-----

---Dii coeptis (nam vos mutatis et illas.) *Ovid. Met. I.*

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

5

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:

10

Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind,

15

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,

20

Or

REMARKS.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the Author directly tells us, his Hero is the man

-----who brings

The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the Great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the First.

Bentley.

IMITATIONS.

v. 6.] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno, (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

“And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.”

Or praise the Court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Bœotia though her pow'r retires, 25
 Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires,
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
 Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand,
 One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry:
 Keen hollow winds howl thro' the black recess, 35
 Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
 Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in monsters, and amaze the Town:
 Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines; 41
 Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines:
 Sepulchral

REMARKS.

v. 31. ---by his fam'd father's hand.] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two statutes of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MSS.

Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
 Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *ironice*, like the 23d verse.

v. 29. *Close to those walls, &c.*] In the former edit. thus:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
 A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
 Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
 Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness;
 Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lie,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

v. 41. In the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
 Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day.

v. 42. Alludes to the annual songs compos'd to music on St. Cecilia's feast.

IMITATIONS.

v. 41. 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's---Hence, &c.*]

“ ---Genus unde Latinum,

“ Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.”

Virg. Æn. I.

Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone, 45
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling's sake: 50
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warmth third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes:
There motley images her fancy strike, 65
Figures ill-pair'd, and families unlike.
She sees a mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;

IMITATIONS.

v. 45. *In clouded Majesty.*]

----"The Moon

"Rising in clouded majesty."----- Milton, B. IV.

v. 48. -----*that knows no fears*

Of hisses, blows, or want or loss of ears.]

"Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula torrent."
Hor.

v. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,*

Where nameless Something, &c.]

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems, or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's *Dispensary*, canto vi.

"Within the chambers of the globe they spy

"The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,

"'Till the glad summons of a genial ray

"Unbinds the globe, and calls them out to day."

v. 64. *And ductile Dulness, &c.*]

canto i,

"How ductile matter new meanders takes,"

How tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race; 70
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted vallies of eternal green;
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud compelling Queen
 Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
 'Twas on the day when *** rich and grave, 85
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
 faces.)

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more. 90
 Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95
 What City swans once sung within the walls;
 Much

VARIATIONS.

v. 85.] In the former editions:

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir Geo. Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

IMITATIONS.

v. 79. -----the loud-compelling Queen.] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter,
nephelegereta Zeus.

REMARKS.

v. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly Panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants; but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each fire impress'd and glaring in his son : 100
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke our Blackmore's endless line ;
 She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page, 105
 And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

In each she marks her image full express'd,
 But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast ;

Bayes,

REMARKS.

v. 98. *John Heywood.*] Whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

v. 103. -----old *Pryn in restless Daniel.*] The first edition had it,
 She saw in Norton all his father shine.

A great mistake! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De Jure Divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other:

"-----One lately did not fear
 " (Without the Muses' leave) to plant verse here.
 " But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
 " Rymes, as e'en set the hearer's ears on edge;
 " Written by William Pryn, Esquire, the
 " Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three,
 " Brave Jersey Muse! and he's, for his high style,
 " Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle."

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

v. 104. *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden, Poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his *Battle of Poets*, saith of him,

" Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by Fortune rais'd,
 " By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

v. 105. *Like Tate's poor page.*] Nahum Tate was Poet-laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Abraham and Abithophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

VARIATIONS.

v. 108. *But chief in Bayes's, &c.*] In the former edition thus:
 But chief in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast:
 Sees gods with dæmons in strange league engage,
 And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
 She ey'd the bard, where supperless he sat,
 And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
 Studious he sat with all his books around,
 Sinking from thought to thought, &c.-----



POPE.

Then gnaw'd his Pen then dash'd it on the ground
Linking from thought to thought a wall profound

Vide Dunciad B.I. l. 117 V. 3 p. 413.

Bayes, form'd by Nature Stage and Town to bless,
 And act and be a coxcomb with success. 110
 Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
 Remembring she herself was Pertness once.
 Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
 Blanck'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
 Swearing and supperless the hero sate, 115
 Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair. 120
 Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
 Much future ode, and abdicated play;
 Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 That slip'd through cracks and zigzags of the head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull heat, and footerkins of wit.
 Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole;
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

REMARKS.

v. 109. *Bayes, form'd by Nature, &c.*] It is hoped the Poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our Author: "Pert

VARIATIONS.

and

v. 121. *Round him much embryo, &c.*] In the former edition thus:

He roll'd his eyes, that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sceptre made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties not its own.
 Here swells the shelf, &c.

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes, that witness'd huge dismay.*]

"----round he throws his eyes,

"That witness'd huge affliction and dismay."

Milt. Book I.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a chaos, might probably suggest this imitation,

The rest on outside merit but presume, 135
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room ;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold ;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is fav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the Great ;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete :
 Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :
 A Gothic library ! of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But

REMARKS.

“and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, “and dull still, and again, and for ever?” He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that “he could not think himself so, or believe that “our Poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly “think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *wit*, or for some “*profit or lucre* to himself.” Life of C. C. ch. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. p. 15, 40, 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verse you foreclose,
 I'll have the last word; for by G---, I'll write prose.
 Poor Colley! thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
 For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

v. 141. *Ogilby the Great.*] “John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him “the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! “His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed “them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter.” *Winstanley, Lives of Poets.*

v. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.*] “The Dutchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights “of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her “studious endeavours.” *Winstanley, ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

v. 146.----*worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birthdays, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, (though more successful,) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone.
These

IMITATIONS.

v. 140. In the former edit.

The page admires new beauties not its own.]

“Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.” ----*Virg. Georg. II.*

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
 The Classics of an age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ; 150
 There, sav'd by spice, like mummies many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear :
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of ample size, 155
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspir'd he seizes : these an altar raise ;
 An hecatomb of pure unsully'd lays
 That altar crowns ; a folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base : 160
 Quartos, Octavos, shape the less'ning pyre,
 A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

REMARKS.

These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic ; exactly imitated in *Parolla* and *Isidora*, *Cæsar* in *Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. *Broome* was a serving-man of *Ben. Johnson*, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master's, not entirely contemptible.

v. 149. *Caxton*.] A printer in the time of *Edward IV.* *Richard III.* and *Henry VII.* *Wynkyn de Worde*, his successor, in that of *Henry VII.* and *VIII.*

v. 153.] *Nich. de Lyra*, or *Harpsfield*, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

v. 154.] *Philemon Holland*, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else ; inasmuch that he might be called *Translator-General* of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a compleat library." *Winstanley*.

VARIATIONS.

v. 146. In the first edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy W----y, W----s, and Bl----.

And in the following altered to *Wythers*, *Quarles*, and *Bloome*, on which was the following note :

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W----ly, W----s, who were persons eminent for good life ; the one writ the *Life of Christ* in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind, on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

"George Wythers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The *Marshalsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers to him." *Winstanley*. *Quarles* was a dull writer, but an honest man. *Bloome's* books are remarkable for their cuts.

v. 162. *A twisted, &c.*] in the former edit.

And last, a little *Ajax* tips the spire.

Var.--- a little *Ajax*.] In duodecimo, translated from *Sophocles*, by *Tibbald*.

Then he, great tamer of all human art!
 First in my care, and ever at my heart;
 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
 To the last honors of the Butt and Bays:
 O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul!
 To this our head, like bias to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
 O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
 Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
 Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my elasticity and fire. Some

IMITATIONS.

- v. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.*
 "A te principium, tibi desinet.----" *Virg. Ecl. viii.*
 Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγεις Μῆσαι. *Theoc.*
 "Prima dicte mihi, summa dicenda Camœna." *Hor.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 177. *Or, if to wit, &c.* In the former edit.
 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
 Where rebel to thy throne, if Science rise,
 She does but show her coward face, and dies:
 There thy good Scholiasts, with unweary'd pains,
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
 Here studious I unlucky Moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.
 For the supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.
 Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
 So gravest precepts may successless prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move,
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Some dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense :
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same ;
 This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd ?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove ?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200
 Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right hand my God ?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bidst thou rather party to embrace? 205
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race ;
 'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist ;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

Hold

VARIATIONS.

- v. 195. *Yet sure had Heav'n, &c.*] In the former edit.
 Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grub-street state,
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at a end!
 Could Troy be sav'd,----&c.

IMITATIONS.

- v. 195. ----*had Heav'n decreed, &c.*]
 " Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
 " Has mihi servassent fedes."---- *Virg. Æn. II.*
 v. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd---This gray-goose weapon.*]
 "-----Si Pergama dextra
 Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent." *Virg. ibid.*
 v. 202. *This box my thunder, this right hand my God?*]
 " Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro."
Virgil, of the Gods of Mezentius.

Hold—to the minister I more incline;
 To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
 And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er; 215
 Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen brightness to the 'squire so dear;
 This polish'd hardness that reflects the peer; 220
 This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
 This mess, tofs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
 Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown;
 At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd; (your father's fault;)
 Go, purify'd by flames, ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny!
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a pass and vagrant through the land;

Nor

REMARKS.

v. 231. ----*gratis-given Bland*,----*Sent with a pass*.] It was a practice so to give the daily Gazetteer, and ministerial pamphlets, (in which this B. was a writer,) and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

VARIATIONS.

- v. 213. *Hold----to the minister*.] in the former edition:
 Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.
 v. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former edition:
 Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
 Unstall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire.

IMITATIONS.

- v. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd, &c.*] “-----Felix Priameia virgo!
 “ Jussa mori: quæ fortitus non pertulit ullos,
 “ Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
 “ Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ,” &c.
Virg. Æn. III.

Nor sail with Ward to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes :
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire ! 235
 Not wrap up oranges to pelt your fire !
 O ! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate :
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest ! 240
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
 With that, a tear (protentous sign of grace !)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face ;
 And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand ;
 Then lights the structure with averted eyes ;
 The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
 Th' op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns ; 250

REMARKS.

v. 233.-----with *Ward to Ape-and-monkey climes.*] “ Edward Ward, a
 “ very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the Lon-
 “ don Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the City,
 “ (but in a genteel way,) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor,
 “ (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those
 “ of the High-church party.” *Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 225.*
 Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.-----
 Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a
 great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the City, but
 in Moorfields.

v. 238, 240.---Tate---Shadwell.] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

VARIATIONS.

Fair without spot, than greas'd by grocers' hands,
 Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands ;
 Or wafting ginger, round the streets to run,
 And visit alehouse, where he first begun.
 With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropp'd it, &c

v. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the former edit.
 Now flames old Meinnon, now Rodrigo burns.

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit alehouse.*] Waller on the Navy :

Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

v. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand.*]

Ovid, or Althæa, on a like occasion, burning her offspring :

“ Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
 “ Cœpta quater tenuit.”

v. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

“-----Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,

“ Vulcano superante domos; jam proximus ardet

“ Ucalegon.”

Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires;
 King John in silence modestly expires:
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rouz'd by the light, Old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatcht a sheet of Thulè from her bed;
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
 Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
 She bids him wait her to her sacred dome: 265
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
 So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their native place.
 This the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The Clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And here she plan'd th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:

How

VARIATIONS.

In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
 Then gush't the tears, as from the Trojan eyes
 When the last blaze, &c.

After v. 268. In the former editions followed those two lines:
 Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

IMITATIONS.

v. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.]*

“Alma parens confessa deam; qualisque videri

“Cœlicolis, et quanta solet.”-----

Virg. Æn. II.

“Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.”

Id. Æn. I.

v. 269. *This the Great Mother, &c.]*

“Urbs antiqua fuit----

“Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam

“Post habita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,

“Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse

“ (Si qua fata finant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.”

Virg. Æn. I.

How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind : 276

How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away :
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail : 280

How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And, lo ! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl,) 290

REMARKS.

v. 286.---*Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called *The Censor*, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called *The Censor*." *Dennis*, Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10.

v. 286.---*Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." *Jacob*, *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20. 1729, in a paper called the *Weekly Medley*, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole Bench of Bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works than Ozell's version of Boileau's *Lutrin*, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the *Rape of the Lock*, than in Ozell's *Rape of the Bucket*, (*la Sechia rapita*.) And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.---Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country." *John Ozell*.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again.
 My son! the Promis'd Land expects thy reign.
 Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
 And high born Howard, more majestic fire,
 With fool of quality complete the quire.
 Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
 Folly, my son, hast still a friend at Court. 300
 Lift up your gates, ye Princes, see him come!
 Sound, found, ye Viols, be the cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
 The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
 And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light arm'd with points, antitheses and puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King. 310

REMARKS.

v. 296.----*Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, of the last age, bred at St. Homer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the oracles of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another called The New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled The Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

v. 297.----*Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Waller, &c.

VARIATIONS.

v. 293. *Know Eusden, &c.*] In the former editions:
 Know Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days;
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where Gildon, Banks, and high born Howard rest.
 I see a king! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands that flow with clencies and with puns:
 Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own;
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
 I see! I see!----Then rapt she spoke no more.
 God save King Tibbald! Grub-street alleys roar.
 So when Jove's block, &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*
 "----Quorum imagines lambunt
 "Hederæ sequaces."

Per.

O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
 And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
 Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 'Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine!"

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;
 God save King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note. 320
 Familiar White's, God save King Colley! cries;
 God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325
 And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog, 329
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

REMARKS.

v. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

IMITATIONS.

v. 311. *O! when shall rise a monarch, &c.*] Boileau, *Lutrin*, chant ii.
 "Hélas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
 "Ou les rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans." &c.



THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Aeneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pithia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods; and as Phebe herself appearing, according to Homer, *Odyssey* XXIV. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and rustic Poets, the third of Profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping; the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of Spectators, Actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the Games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
 Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber fate: the proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
 His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So

REMARKS.

v. 2.---or *Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our Author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Aeneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimees* of Sarazin.

IMITATIONS.

2. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat.*] Parody of Milton, Book II.
 " High on a throne of royal state, that far
 " Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.
 " Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 " Show'rs on her kings Babaric pearl and gold,
 " Satan exalted fate."-----

So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.

A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call;
(The field of glory is a field for all:)
Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize:

No

REMARKS.

v. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty-thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, *Elog. Vir. doct. cap. xxxii.* Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his *Prolusions*.

IMITATIONS.

v. 35. *A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes.*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn. X.*

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days. 40
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 But senseless, lifeless, idol, void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool so just a copy of a wit;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
 Other's a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame:
 But lofty Lintot in the circle rose,
 "This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;
 "With me began this genius, and shall end." 55
 He spoke, and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
 Stood dauntless Curl: "Behold that rival here!

"The

REMARKS.

v. 53. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the Episode of the Bookfellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this Poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here, imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookfeller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned.

v. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl.*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is

IMITATIONS.

"Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *sine viribus umbram*
 "In faciem Aeneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
 "Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
 "Divini affimilat capitis-----
 "-----Dat *inania verba*,
 "Dat *sine mente sonum*-----"

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiarist. There seems to me a great propriety in this Episode, where such an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookfeller.

v. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise.*]

"Vix illud lecti bis sex-----

"Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Virg. Æn. XII.

“ The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won ;
 “ So take the hindmost, Hell,” he said, and run. 60
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 So lab’ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,

REMARKS.

is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these, he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, ’tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the gods: he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter. Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory: the Great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic. After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our Author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings; witness innumerable instances: but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened,
and

IMITATIONS.

v. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell.*]

“ Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.”

Hor. de Arte.

v. 61, &c.] Something like this is in Homer, Iliad X. ver 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his families are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned (and as the critics well know) from familiar life; the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

v. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;*

So lab’ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head.]

“ -----So eagerly the Fiend

“ O’er bog, o’er steep, thro’ freight, rough, dense, or rare,

“ With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,

“ And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

Milton, Book II.

With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop 71
 Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop;)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any god's, or more; 80
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.

REMARKS.

and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "That any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man."

v. 70.---*Curl's Corinna.*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. T-----, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

IMITATIONS.

v. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.*]

Milton, of the motion of the swan,

"-----rows

"His state with oary feet."

And Dryden, of another's---*With two left legs---*

v. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide.*]

"Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis

"Fusus humum, viridesque super made fecerat herbas

"Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore."

Virg. Æn. V. of Nisus.

v. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!]*

"-----Ut littus, Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret."

Virg. Ecl. vi.

v. 83. *A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas.]*

"Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,

"Coelestesque plagas.---

Ovid. Met. xii.

There in his seat, two spacious vents appear;
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply:
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
 Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

90

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!

96

Oft had the Goddess heard her servants call,
 From her black grottoes near the Temple-wall,
 List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.

100

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

105

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
 His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;

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v. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

“-----Faciem ostentabar, et udo

“Turpia membra fimo.”---

Virg. Æn. V.

v. 111. *A shapeless shade, &c.*]

“---Effugit imago

“Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.”

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air.*] *Virgil, Æn. VI. of the Sibyl's Leaves:*

“Carmina---

“Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.”

Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpaid taylor snatch'd away.

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior:
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought!
 Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught. 126

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone;
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130

To him the Goddess: Son! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the Town.
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Dutcheses and Lady Maries;) 136
 Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen Swift:

So

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v. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had owned.

v. 124.---*like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.---Befaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.---"Bond writ a satire against Mr. P---. Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality," says Curl, Key, p. 11.

v. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

v. 128. *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.---The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose uppercoat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

v. 138. *Cook shall be Prior.*] The man here specified writ a thing called the *Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Warton were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British, London, and Daily Journals*: and, at the same time, wrote

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison.

140

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old or Dunton's modern bed:
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below:
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

146

150

REMARKS.

letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ibid.---and *Concanen Swift.*] In the first edition of this Poem there were only asterisks in this place; but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

v. 144.---*Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken Bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Noting, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

v. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a Weekly Paper called The Observer: he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the West of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Q. Anne.

v. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-post, and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

v. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edmund Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

IMITATIONS.

v. 141, 142.---(*piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face*)

“-----Risit pater optimus illi.---

“ Me liceat casum misereri infantis amici---

“ Sic fatus, tergum Gaetuli immane leonis,” &c.

Virg. Æn. V.

v. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*

“ See quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis---

“ Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!

“ Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?”

Virg. Æn. I.

And

And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen, 155
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
 "The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,
 "His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 "With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 "This China jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
 "Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne

REMARKS.

v. 157. *See in the circle next Eliza plac'd.*] Eliza Haywood: this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called, *The Court of Carimania*, and *The New Utopia*. For the Two Babes of Love, see *Curl, Key*, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated *Curl's* undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures, that, though she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." *Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Car.* printed in the *Female Dunciad*, p. 18.

v. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

IMITATIONS.

v. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody of these lines of a late noble author:

"His bleeding arm had furnish'd all the rooms,
 "And run for ever purple in the looms."

v. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist.*]

"*Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati.*"

Virg. Æn. V.

v. 163. ---yon Juno

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's *Boopis*, &c.

v. 165. *This China jordan.*]

"*Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.*"

Virg. Æn. VI.

In the games of Homer, *Iliad XXIII.* there are set together as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place *Mrs. Haywood* and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which *Madame Dacier* is justly displeased. *Mrs. H.* is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife;
 (Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)
 One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size. 170
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
 (Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd.)
 A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
 The wild meander wash'd the artist's face;
 Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

Through

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v. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A Bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less-deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value. Upon

IMITATIONS.

v. 169. 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour.*]

“ Ille---melio motu, fretusque juvena;
 “ Hic membris et mole valens.”

Virg. Æn. V.

v. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow---
 Sure sign]*

The words of Homer, of the rain-bow, in Iliad XI.

——— ὅς τε Κρονίων

Ἐν νέφει σήριξ ἐτέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων’.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondez dans les nues, pour etre dans tous les
 ages une signe a tous les mortels. Dacier.

v. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus.]*

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. IV.

“ Et gemina auratus taurina cornua vultu,
 “ Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta
 “ In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.”

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed thro' the skies.
 Denham, Cooper's Hill:

“ Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 “ Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost,
 “ Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 “ To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.”

Through half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize. 186

Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.

Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain: 191

Room for my Lord! three jockies in his train;

Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:

He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.

His honour's meaning Dulness thus express: 195

"He wins this patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:

With ready quills the Dedicators wait;

Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,

And, instant, Fancy feels th' imputed sense; 200

Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,

He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;

Then his nice taste directs our operas:

Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205

And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

But

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Upon this advertisement the *Gazetteer* harangued thus, July 6, 1739:
"How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his
"works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with
"honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done?
"What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived
"in 1738! and than whom *Virtue* has not had a shriller trumpeter for
"many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed can
"be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised is veri-
"fied by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much hum-
ble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.

v. 203.] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

v. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.

But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft-giving palm.

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master, 209
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phoebus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.

What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her vot'refs from above.

As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art

To touch Achilles' only tender part;

Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,

He marches off, his Grace's secretary. 220

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)

And learn my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise,

To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart.

With Shakespeare's nature, or with Johnson's art,

Let

REMARKS.

v. 207.---*Welsted.*] Leonard Welsted, author of *The Triumvirate*; or, A Letter in verse from Palaemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characterised in the treatise *Peri Bathous*, or, The Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728.

He was also characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

"Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,

"That painful animal, a mole:

"Above ground never born to grow,

"What mighty stir it keeps below!

"To make a mole-hill all this strife!

"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.

"How proud a little dirt to spread,

"Conscious of nothing o'er its head!

"Till lab'ring on for want of eyes,

"It blunders into light, and dies."

You have him again in Book III. ver. 169.

VARIATIONS.

v. 207.] In the first edition:

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 223, 225. To move, to raise, &c.

Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake, &c.]

Let other's aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul 225
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl;
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
 Such happy arts attention can command
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230

Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe;
 And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
 The monkey-mimics rush discordant in; 236
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and dissonance, and captious Art,
 And snip-snap short, and interruption smart, 240
 And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
 And major, minor, and conclusions quick.
 Hold, (cry'd the Queen) a cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the guild awake; 250
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
 So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such

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v. 238.---*Norton.*] See ver. 415.---J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems.

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"Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
 "Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
 "Tu regere imperio populos Romane, memento,
 "Hæ tibi erunt artes."---

v. 243.---*A cat-call each shall win, &c.*]

"Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,

"Et vitula tu dignus, et hic."

Virg. Ecl. III,

v. 247. *As when the, &c.*] A simile, with a long tail, in the manner of Homer,

Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
 High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose; 256
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield!
 But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain; [thine:
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
 In Tot'nam-fields the Brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
 Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
 And Hungerford-re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
 (As morning pray'r and flagellation end) 270
 To where Fleet-ditch, with disemboguing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
 The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

REMARKS.

v. 258.---[*Webster---and, Whitefield.*] The one the writer of a newspaper, called, *The Weekly Miscellany*; the other a field-preacher. *This* thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness; *that* by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

IMITATIONS.

v. 260.---[*bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:
 "Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit." Georg. III.
 "He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
 "While neighb'ring hills low back to them again." Cowley.
 The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *armour*, *war*, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our Author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

v. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!*
 "Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juventa." Virg. Eccl. viii.
 The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* VII. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

"Audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis

"Sulphurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini," &c.

v. 273. *The king of dykes! &c.*

"Fluviorum rex Eridanus,

"---Quo non alius, per pinguia culta,

"In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis." Virg.

“ Here strip, my Children! here at once leap in, 275
 “ Here prove who best can dash thro’ thick and thin,
 “ And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 “ Or dark dexterity of groping well :
 “ Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
 “ The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound ; 280
 “ A pig of Lead to him who dives the best ;
 “ A peck of Coals a-piece shall glad the rest.”

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
 And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;
 Then sighing, thus, “ And am I now threescore ? 285
 “ Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ? ”
 He said, and climb’d a stranded lighter’s height,
 Shot to the black abyss, and plung’d downright :
 The senior’s judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher. 290

He

REMARKS.

v. 283. In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also, in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that “ It is as great as ever entered into the mind of man. ” “ In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and is therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of Omicron, the unborn poet.” Curl, Key, p. 13. “ He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry consisting of Heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done,” said that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, Vol. II. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in foilo, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel’s Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon’s History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author’s original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

IMITATIONS.

v. 285. Then sighing, thus, And am I now threescore? &c.]

“ ---Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes

“ Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.”

Ovid.

Next Smedley div'd ; flow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost ;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then * essay'd ; scarce vanisht out of sight, 295
He buoys up instant, and returns to light ;
He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep ; 300
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies ;

No

REMARKS.

v. 291. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the surreptitious editions this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E---, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work : whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in Book I. v. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, in a Weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker ; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.

v. 295. *Then * essay'd.*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our Poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

v. 299. *Concanen.*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7, accuses him of, "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called, *The Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called, *A Supplement to the Profound*, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others : to this rare piece some body humourously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis*

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. In the first edit. followed these,
Far worse unhappy D---r succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

IMITATIONS.

v. 293.---*And call on Smedley lost, &c.*]

"Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,

"Hylas, in vain, resounds through all the coast."

Lord Roscom. Translat. of Ecl. vi. of Virgil.

v. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore.*]

"Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori," &c.

Virg. *Æn.*

No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, 305
With each a sickly brother at his back :
Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone !

And monumental brass this record bears,
“ These are, ah no ! these were the Gazetteers ! ”
Not so bold Arnall ; with a weight of scull 315
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance ; 320
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.

When

REMARKS.

fundis clamavi. He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others ; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

v. 312.--*Osborne.*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and remained silent.

v. 315. *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers ; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessors. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy : witness a paper called The Free Briton ; a Dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it ; not indeed without cause, it appearing that he received “ For Free “ Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten “ thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight- “ pence out of the Treasury.” But frequently through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

v. 323. *The plunging Prelate, &c.*] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the Civil constitution, as for his

his

When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
 Slow rose a form in majesty of Mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in;
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.

Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids,
 A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340

(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pissa's offerings to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep; 345
 There all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose
 They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350

REMARKS.

his opposition to the scheme of no power at all in the Religious, I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious: as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

v. 349. *And Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our Author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him.

IMITATIONS.

v. 329. *Greater he looks and more than mortal stares.*] *Virg. Æn. VI. of the Sibyl:*

“---majorque videri,
 “Nec mortale sonans”---

v. 347. *Thence to the banks, &c.*]

“Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
 “Utque viro Phoebi chorus assurrexerit omnis;

“ Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine ;
 “ Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.”

He ceas'd, and spread the robe ; the crowd confess
 The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around him wide a sable army stand, 355

A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn ;
 Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any god or man.

Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, [Fleet,
 Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays, 361

In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :

So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
 Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

Here stopt the Goddess ; and in pomp proclaims 365

A gentler exercise to close the games.

“ Ye Critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales,

“ I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;

“ Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,

“ My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;

“ Attend the trial we propose to make : 371

“ If there be man who o'er such works can wake,

“ Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,

“ And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;

“ To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit 375

“ Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;

“ To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,

“ Full and eternal privilege of tongue.”

Three college sophs, and three pert Templars came,
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same ; 380

Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,

And smit with love of poesy and prate.

The

IMITATIONS.

“ Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine pastor,

“ Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,

“ Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,

“ Ascraeo quos ante seni”---&c.

v. 380, 381. *The same their talents,---Each prompt, &c.]*

“ Ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,

“ Et certare pares, et respondere parati.”

Virg. Ecl. vi.

The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
 The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
 Till all tun'd equal send a gen'ral hum. 386
 Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
 Soft creeping words on words the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze. 390
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom here.* 400

P 3

Who

REMARKS.

v. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South-sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, Vol. II. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

v. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the *Atheist's Liturgy*, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of *The Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S---, which was suppress'd while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation. This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.

VARIATIONS.

v. 399. In the first edition it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer.

IMITATIONS.

v. 382. *And smit with love of poesy and prate.*]

"Smit with the love of sacred song--

Milton.

v. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.*]

"Confedere duces, et vulgi stante corona."

Ovid. Met. XIII.

Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum,
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first and then a second makes;
 What Dulness dropt among her sons impress
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the midmost the nutation spreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*. 410
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale.
 Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;
 Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung, 415
 Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
 Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
 And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

REMARKS.

v. 411. *Centlivre*.] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, Vol. I. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer before he began it.

v. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er*.] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.---William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726.

v. 414. *Morgan*.] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher.

Ibid. --- *Mandeville*.] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book called *The Fable of the Bees*: written to prove, That moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient, to render society flourishing and happy.

v. 415. *Norton*.] Norton de Fox, offspring of the famous Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus*: one of the authors of the *Flying Post*, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters, and of many hired scurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

VARIATIONS.

v. 413.] In the first edition it was,
 T---s and T--- the church and state gave o'er,
 Nor ** talk'd, nor S--- whisper'd more:

IMITATIONS.

v. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead*.]
 Alludes to Dryden's verse in the *Indian Emperor*:
 "All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead."

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.

420

Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!

How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

425



THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratoes, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the Fourth and last Book.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
 Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
 Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
 Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
 And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.

A slip-

IMITATIONS.

v. 7, 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods.*

“Et varias audit voces, fruiturque duorum
 “Colloquio,”—

Virg. Æn. VIII.

A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
 In lofty madness meditating song;
 Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
 Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows; 21
 And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
 Here in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull 25
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
 Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,

REMARKS.

v. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor, the Water-poet; an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence; a rare example of modesty in a poet!

"I must confess I do want eloquence,

"And never scarce did learn my Accidence;

"For having got from *possum* to *posset*,

"I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

v. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*; to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them.

v. 22. *And Shadwell nods, the poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a doze, in the year 1692.

v. 24. *Old Bavius sits.*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes by our Author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works: *Qui Bavius non odit?* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this Poem. Scribl.

v. 28.--*Browne and Mears.*] Booksellers, printers for any body.--The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by book-sellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

IMITATIONS.

v. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl, &c.*

"Conclamat vates-----

"---- Furens antro se immisit aperto." Virg.

v. 23. *Here in a dusky vale, &c.*

"---- Vidit Aeneas in vale reducta

"Seclusum nemus----

"Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem, &c.

"Hunc circum innumerae gentes," &c. Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 24. *Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls.*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable. At

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory. 34

Wond'ring he gaz'd: when, lo! a sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before:
 All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same. 40
 Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son:

Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!
 Thou, yet unborn, has touch'd this sacred shore; 45
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll? 50
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages through old monks she rid?
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mixt the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
 As man's meanders to the vital spring 55
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:

REMARKS.

v. 34.--*Ward in pillory.*] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727.

IMITATIONS.

"At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti

"Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,

"Lustrabat."----

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 28.----*unbar the gates of light.*] An hemistich of Milton.

v. 31, 32. *Millions and millions---Thick as the stars, &c.*]

"Quam multa in silvis autumn frigore primo

"Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto

"Quam multae glomerantur aves," &c.

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.*]

"---- Sine tempora circum

"Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros."

Virg. Ecl. viii.

All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60
 For thus our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empires over seas and lands.
 See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70
 (Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science their bright course begun:
 One godlike monarch all that pride confounds, 75
 He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
 Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the South extend thy gladden'd eyes;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise; 80
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their physic of the soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
 Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
 Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies 85
 Embodiy'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!

Lo!

IMITATIONS.

v. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*

Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, Book XI. where the angel

To noble fights from Adam's eye remov'd
 The film; then purg'd with euphrasie and rue
 The visual nerve---*For he had much to see.*"

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole episode.

VARIATIONS.

v. 73. In the former edit.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

In eldest times, e'er mortals writ or read,
 which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was altered to *their bright course begun*. But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
 The North by myraids pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
 See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
 Of Genferic! and Attila's dread name!
 See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
 See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 See where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
 (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conq'ring tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
 And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws.
 See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
 And all the Western world believe and sleep. 100

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against Heathen lore;
 Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
 And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
 See th' Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods;
 Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn; 110
 See graceful Venus to a virgin turn'd,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod, 113
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
 Grave mummers! sleeveless some and shirtless others.
 That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
 In peace great goddesses ever be ador'd;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
 Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
 Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

And see, my Son! the hour is on its way
 That lifts our goddesses to imperial sway.

This

IMITATIONS.

v. 117, 118. *Happy!---had Easter never been.*

“Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent. *Virg. Ecl. vi.*

This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.

Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!

What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!

See all her progeny, illustrious fight!

Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie

In homage to the mother of the sky,

Surveys around her, in the blest'd abode,

An hundred sons, and every son a god:

Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135

Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;

And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,

Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,

And thrusts his person full into your face. 140

With all thy father's virtues blest'd, be born!

And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,

And modest as the maid that sips alone;

IMITATIONS.

v. 127, 129. *Now look through Fate!*

See all her progeny, &c.]

"Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quae deinde sequatur

"Gloria, qui maneat, Itala de gente nepotes,

"Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,

"Expediam."

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.*

"Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater

"Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,

"Laeta deum partu, Centum complexa nepotes,

"Omnes coelicolas, omnes super alta tenentes."

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 139. *Mark first that youth, &c.*

"Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,

"Proxima forte tenet lucis loca."----

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 141. *With all thy father's virtues blest'd, be born.]*

A manner of expression used by Virgil, *Ecl. viii.*

"Nascere! praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer."

As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, *Ecl. iv.*

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the son.

From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.

Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
And answ'ring ginshops sourer sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law. 150

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the Town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funeral frown.

Lo

REMARKS.

v. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*] “This gentleman is a son of a considerable master of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney; who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way. He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many Law Books, Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c.” Giles Jacob of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the Author's friend, Mr. Gay.

v. 152. *Horneck---Roome.*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would think, prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper, called *The High German Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where by malicious innuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

“You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
“Yet if he writes as dull as other folks,
“You wonder at it---This, Sir, is the case,
“The jest is lost unless he prints his face.”

P---p---le was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our Author in a paper called *The Prompter*.

VARIATIONS.

v. 149, In the first edition it was
Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe,
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!

v. 151. *Lo P---p---le's brow, &c.*] In the former edition,
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Honeck's fierce and Roome's funeral face,

IMITATIONS.

v. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free]*

“---si qua fata aspera rumpas,

“Tu Marcellus eris!”

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 147. *Thee shall each alehouse, &c.]*

“Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,

“Te liquidi fervere lacus.”

Virg. Æn. VII.

Virgil again, *Ecl. x.*

“---etiam lauri, etiam fervere myricæ,” &c.

v. 150. ---“duo fulmina belli

“Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!”

Virg. Æn. VI.

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
 Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
 Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks; 160
 Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl. 164
 Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!
 Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
 Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
 Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
 Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear; 170
 Q₂ So

REMARKS.

v. 153.---Goode.] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our Author, called *The Mock Æsop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers, for hire.

v. 165 ---Ralph.] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines alluded to a thing of his entitled *Night*, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the *Journals*, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's accounts of English Poets, printed in a *London Journal*, Sept. 17, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the *Rules of dramatic poetry* before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, "Shakespeare writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay.

VARIATIONS.

v. 157. *Each songster, riddler, &c.*] In the former edit.

Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameless name.

After ver. 158. in the first edition followed.

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
 How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

IMITATIONS.

v. 166. *And makes night hideous.*----

"Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,

"Making night hideous."

Shakesp.

v. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow! &c.*] Parody on Denham, *Cooper's Hill*:

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

"My great example, as it is my theme:

"Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;

"Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!"

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
 Heady, not strong; o'erflowing though not full.

Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-star'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

Embrace, embrace, my Sons! be foes no more!
 Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.

Behold yon' pair, in strict embraces join'd;
 How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180
 Equal in wit, and equally polite,

Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

"But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
 "Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
 Right well mine eyes arede thy myster wight,
 On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.
 To future ages may thy dulness last,
 As thou preserv'it the dulness of the past! 190

There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark:
 Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark;
 A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
 For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each science lifts its modern type, 195
 Hist'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,

While

IMITATIONS.

v. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my Sons! be foes no more!*
Virg. Æn. VI.

"---Ne tanta animis affuescite bella,

"Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:

"Tuque prior, tu parce---sanguis meus!" --

v. 179. *Behold yon' pair in strict embraces join'd.*
Virg. Æn. VI.

"Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,

"Concordes animæ"--

And in *Æn. V.*

"Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juvena,

"Nisus amore pio pueri."

v. 185. *But who is he, &c.] Virg. Æn. VI. questions and answers in
 this manner, of Numa:*

"Quis procul ille autem camis insignis olivæ,

"Sacra ferens?---nosco crines, incanaque menta," &c.

While proud Philosophy repines to show,
 Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below,
 Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200
 How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
 Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
 Oh great restorer of the good old stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But Fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek Modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl; 210
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
 Yet, oh, my Sons! a father's words attend:
 (So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
 But, oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,
 The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
 Content, each emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
 Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives are giv'n for you to hate.

Q₃

Persist,

REMARKS.

v. 199.----*lo! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley, the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other Sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour.

v. 204.----*Sherlock, Hare,---Gibson.*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

v. 212.] Of Toland and Tindal, see Book II. ver. 309. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote, in a most insolent style, against the miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1626, &c.

VARIATIONS.

v. 197.] In the first edition it was,

And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
 And English music with a dismal score.
 Fast by in darkness palpable insurin'd
 W--s, B--r, M--n, all the poring kind,

Perlist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole 225
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the fire:
See now what Dulness and her Sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art. 230

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd,)
And look'd, and saw a fable forc'er rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought? 250

Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose farfennet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless

IMITATIONS.

v. 224.-----*Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."

Virg.

v. 244. *And other planets.]*

"---Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt."---

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 246, *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.]*

"Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum."

Hor.

v. 251. *Son, what thou seekest is in thee!]*

"Quod petis in te est---

"---Ne te quæfiveris extra."

Pers.

A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls; 256
 Angel of Dulneis, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
 Yon' stars, yon' suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire. 260
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
 Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But, lo! to dark encounter in mid air 265
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee! these wonders are thy own.
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
 Foreseen by me, but, ah! with-held from mine.
 In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd renown'd,
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
 Though

REMARKS.

v. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr John Rich, master of the theatre-royal in Covent-Garden, was the first that excelled this way.

v. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

IMITATIONS.

v. 256. *Wings the red lightning, &c.*] Like Salmoneus in *Æn.* VI.

“Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

“---Nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,

“Aere et cornipedum cursu simularet equorum.”

v. 258.---*o'er all unclassic ground.*] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse in the praises of Italy:

“Poetic fields encompass me around,

“And still I seem to tread on classic ground.”

As ver. 264, is a parody on a noble one of the same author in the Campaign: and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.

VARIATIONS.]

After v. 274. In the former edit. followed,
 For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
 None but thyself can be thy parellel.

Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280
 Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
 Though long my party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
 Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
 Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last;
 Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
 To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend;
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
 Grub-

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 284. in the former edit. followed,
 Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.
 v. 295. *Safe in its heaviness, &c.* In the former edit.
 Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray,
 And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thy dragons magistrates and peers shall taste,
 And from each shew rise duller than the last;
 Till rais'd from booths, &c.

Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.

Another Æschylus appears! prepare

For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!

In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315

While op'ning hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!

This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,

Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!

See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.

See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!

Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!

On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325

Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!

See

REMARKS.

v. 325. *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W--m Benson (Surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house, and the Painted-Chamber adjoining, were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

v. 326.--*Ambrose Philips.*] "He was (saith Mr. Jacob) one of the wits
"at Button's, and a Justice of the Peace." But he hath since met with
higher

VARIATIONS.

v. 323. *See, see, our own, &c.*] In the former edit.

Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,

Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,

Benson sole judge of architecture sit,

And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!

I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,

I see the Savoy totter to her fall;

Hibernian politicks, O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's translating three whole years with Broome.

Proceed, great days, &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 319, 320. *This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,*

The Augustus, &c.]

"Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,

"Augustus Cæsar, divum genus aurea condet

"Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva

"Saturnio quondam"--

Virg. Æn. VI.

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned, B. I. ver. 26.

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
 Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends. 330
 Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

REMARKS.

higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. I. p. 157. "Indeed, he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called The Examiner: a falsehood well known to those, yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

v. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our Author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success; The Shepherd's Week, Trivia, The What-dye-call it, Fables; and, lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble. That verse of Horace, *Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum*, could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days uninterruptedly; and renewed the next season with equal applause. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol, fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it infans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the Town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his Modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto. *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 331. In the former edit. thus:

O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyſſey: in which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agreement

Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the shore,
 Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
 Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play, 335
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
 Till Isis' elders reel, their pupil's sport,
 And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port!
 Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries!
 And thro' th' iv'ry gate the vision flies. 340

REMARKS.

v. 333. *Proceed, great days! &c.*--- Till Birch shall blush, &c.] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. "The devil (saith he) licensed bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the Heathen Gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics, and such trumpery." Hutchinson's Use of Reason recovered. *Scribl.*

VARIATIONS.

"agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of one hundred more. The Author only seems to lament that he was employed in translation at all."

After ver. 338, in the first edit. were the following lines:

Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
 When the dull stars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkness! (the dread Pow'r shall say)
 All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day;
 To their first chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
 And universal darkness cover all.

IMITATIONS.

v. 340. *And through the iv'ry gate, &c.*

"Sunt geminae somni portae; quarum altera fertur
 "Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
 "Ultera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
 "Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes."

Virg. Æn. VI.



THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The Poet being in this Book to declare the completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Genuises of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her, that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their Travels: presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and induces him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent Persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in Nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the Minute Philosophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends Priests, Attendants and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progress and effect whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to shew, half veil the deep intent.
 Ye Pow'rs! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
 To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,

5

Suspend

REMARKS.

v. 2. ---dread Chaos and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the Poem.

Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay; 10
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold, 15
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate Son reclines. 20
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne, 25
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her page the word. 30
Mad Matheſis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind:
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie, 35
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:

REMARKS.

v. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, science, arts.

v. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order and the truth of things.

Ibid.---*a new world.*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles.

There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40
 There sunk Thaliā, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head:
 Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by, 45
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside;
 By singing peers upheld on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 51
 Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke:

O Cara! Cara! silence all that train;
 Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
 To the same notes thy son shall hum or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *Encore.* 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
 If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
 Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands, 65
 Like bold Briareus, with an hundred hands;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
 Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore. 70

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the throne:

The

IMITATIONS.

v. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*

“Joy to great Cæsar!”

The beginning of a famous old song.

The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.

None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:

75

None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.

Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.

85

Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who, false to Phoebus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call.

Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the pension, and set up the head;

95

Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.

100

There marcht the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patronis'd for pride.

Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.

There mov'd Montalto with superior air;

105

His stretcht-out arm display'd a volume fair;

Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,

Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side;

But as in graceful act, with awful eye,

Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:

110

On two unequal crutches propt he came,

Milton's on this, on that one Johnson's name.

The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:
 But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
 Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
 To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the wits!
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
 A new edition of old Ælon gave;
 Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade, 125
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my Sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit,
 And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess's press,
 Each eager to present the first address. 136
 Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
 But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
 When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand; 140
 His

REMARKS.

v. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope, in the last edition which he himself gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place, as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespeare should be published.

VARIATIONS.

v. 114.] What! no respect, he cry'd, for Shakespeare's page?

IMITATIONS.

v. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*]

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

"Lies in new light through chinks that time has made."

Waller.

His beaver'd brow a birchin garland wears,
 Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears,
 O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs,
 Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.

All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
 Shrink, and confess the genius of the place;
 The pale-boy senator yet tinkling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus: Since man from beast by words is known,
 Words are man's province, words we teach alone. 150
 When reason doubtful, Like the Samian letter,
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as thy commence, 155
 As Fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
 We ply the memory, we load the brain,
 Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
 And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
 A poet the first day he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very poet still.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant Windham ev'ry muse gave o'er,
 There Talbot funk, and was a wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid Murray, was our boast!
 How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost! 170
 Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can,
 And South beheld that masterpiece of man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant reign!
 Some gentle James, to bless the land again: 176

R 3

To

IMITATIONS.

y. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood, &c.]*

First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood

“Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.”

Milt.

To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the counsel to a grammar-school! 180
 For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
 O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186
 May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
 "The right divine of kings to govern wrong."
 Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
 Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash't thro' thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgurfdyck.
 As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:
 His hat, which never veil'd to human Pride, 205
 Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
 Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
 So upright Quakers please both man and God.

Mistress!

REMARKS.

v. 196. --*still expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last edit.

IMITATIONS.

v. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod.*]

"---He, kingly from his state
 "Declin'd not."---

Milton,

Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again. 214
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know you better;
 Author of something yet more great than letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*. 220
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke :
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,

Are

REMARKS.

v. 223, 224. *Friend---Alsop.*] Dr. Robert Friend, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church---Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

v. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words: the second a minute critic; the third an author who gave his common-place book to the Public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

IMITATIONS.

v. 210. ---is *Aristarchus* yet unknown?

“ Sic notus Ulysses ?”

“ Dost thou not feel me, Rome ?”

Virg.

Pen Jonson.

v. 215. *Roman and Greek Grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius, speaking of the *Æneid*.

“ Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!”

“ Nescioquid majus nascitur Iliade.”

Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see
When men's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240

Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.

Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a N^{ess}.

Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block, 245
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.

See! still thy own, the heavy cannon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read: 250

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:

So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What though we let some better sort of fool 255
Thrid ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school?

Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.

He may indeed (if sober all this time)

Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260

We only furnish what he cannot use,

Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,

And petrify a genius to a dunce;

Or set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265

Show all his paces, not a step advance.

With the same cement, ever sure to bind,

We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:

Then take him to develope, if you can,

And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270

But

REMARKS.

v. 245, 246. *Barrow---Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
 Walker! our hat——nor more he deign'd to say,
 But stern as Ajax's spectre strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
 And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
 By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
 The first came forwards with an easy mien,
 As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280
 When thus the attendant Orator begun;
 Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd son:
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
 The fire saw, one by one, his virtues wake; 285
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
 Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man;
 Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaft,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past: 290
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls: 300
 To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
 To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-refounding waves.
 But

IMITATIONS.

v. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.*
 “---sine Dis animosus Infans.”

Hor.

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps ;
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
 His royal sense of op'ras or the fair ;
 The stews and palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground ; 321
 And last turn'd Air, the echo of a sound !
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head ;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit ;
 Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough choose him, not undone ;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive, (for her my soul adores ;)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O Empress ! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.

REMARKS.

v. 307. *But chief, &c.*] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

v. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps.*] The winged Lion, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her Carnivals.

v. 326.---*Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book I. ver. 199, &c.

IMITATIONS.

v. 332. *So many the sons of sons, &c.*]

“ Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.”

Virg.

Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame. 335

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loit'ers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 340
There too, my Paridell! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pity'd! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head. 345

But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep, 351
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he, but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit! 356
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise; 360
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brags, tho' not in gold, 365
And keep his lares, tho' his house be sold;

To

IMITATIONS.

v. 342, *Stretch'd on the rack---*

And heard, &c.]

“Sedet, æternumque sedebit!”

“Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes

“Admonet.”

Virg.

v. 355. ---grant me still to cheat!

O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

“---Da, pulchra Laverna,

“Da mihi fallere---

“Noctem peccatis et fraudibus obface pube.”

Hor.

To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own ;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ; 369
 Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.

Mummius o'erheard him ; Mummius, fool renown'd,
 Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient fistrum at his head :

Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? traitor base !
 Mine, Goddess ! mine is all the horned race. 376
 True, he had wit to make their value rise ;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise ;
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep. 380
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
 Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrowded in that living shrine, 385
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before,
 Still bears them, faithfull ! and thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390
 To prove me, Goddess ! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine :
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent ; 395
 So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.
 Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r. 400
 But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
 And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

But

IMITATIONS.

v. 383. *Receiv'd each demigod*

“ *Emissumque ima de sede Typhœa terræ*

“ *Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,*

“ *Terga fugæ: donec fessos Egyptia tellus*

“ *Cœperit.*” ---

Ovid.

The first thus open'd : Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great Queen, and common mother of us all !
 Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r, 405
 Suckl'd, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline :
 Each maid cry'd, Charming ! and each youth, Divine !
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze ?
 Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
 No maid cries charming ! and no youth divine !
 And lo the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust 415
 Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust ;
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mein
 Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen :
 Of all the enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing 421
 Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r 425
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
 It stopt, I stopt ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

IMITATIONS.

v. 405, &c. *Fair from its humble bed, &c. ---nam'd it Caroline!*
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!]

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

" Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 " Quam mulcet auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
 " Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
 " Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
 " Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ." &c.

v. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race.]* The Poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, *Maipotmos*.

" Of all the race of silver-winged flies
 " Which do possess the empire of the air."

v. 427, 428. *It fled, I followed, &c.]*

" ---I started back;
 " It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;
 " Pleas'd it return'd as soon."---

Milt.

At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd : 430
 Rose or carnation was below my care ;
 I meddle, Goddess ! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize ;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless butterfly.

My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done your parts :
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends ; 440
 The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake :
 A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest to tell us what's a-clock.
 Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd, 445
 The dull may waken to a humming-bird ;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the cockle-kind ;
 The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of moss ; 450
 The head that turns at superlunar things,
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O ! would the sons of men once think their eyes
 And reason giv'n them but to study flies !
 See nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
 And let the author of the whole escape :
 Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
 Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark ; 460
 Whose

REMARKS.

v. 452.--*Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

VARIATIONS.

v. 441. *The common soul, &c.*] In the first edit. thus :
 Of souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake ;
 And most but find that centinel of God,
 A drowsy watchman in the land of Nod.

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral evidence shall quite decay,
 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's cause thro' Nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of arrogance, and source of pride! 470
 We nobly take the high Priori road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God :
 Make Nature still encroach upon his plan,
 And hove him off as far as e'er we can :
 Thrust some mechanic cause into his place, 475
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space :
 Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 Make God man's image, man the final Cause ;
 Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in Self, and but for self be born : 480
 Of nought so certain as our Reason still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will.
 Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee :
 Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 While thro' poetic scenes the Genius roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves ; 490
 That Nature our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.
 Rous'd at his name, up-rose the bowzy fire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
 Then snapt his box, and stroak'd his belly down ;
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown. 496

S 2

Bland

REMARKS.

v. 492. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Ecl. vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddess's Dame.
 Then thus: From priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee: 500
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen?
 Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in pension, or in punk! 510
 So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast! 515
 Thy Magus, Goddess! shall perform the rest.
 With that a wizard old his cup extends,
 Which who-so tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a star, and like Endymion dies: 520
 A feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs, 525
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
 But,

REMARKS.

v. 517, -- *his cup* -- *Which who-so taste, &c.*] The cup of Self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honour; and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.

IMITATIONS.

v. 518. *Which who-so tastes, forgets his former friends, ---Sire, &c.*] Homer of the Nephenthe, Odyss. IV.

Αὐτὶν ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βαλε φάρμακον, ἐνθεν ἐπινον
 Νηπενθὲς τ' ἀχολόν τε κακῶν ἐπιληθον ἀπάντων.

But, sad example ! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild ; 530
And straight succeeded, leaving Shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes :
But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint, 535
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others' int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on party-colour'd wings :
Turn'd to the sun, she cast a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas ! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C **, H **, P **, R **, K *, 545
Why all your toils ? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule !
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some a priest succinct in amice white
Attends ; all flesh is nothing in his sight ! 550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn :
The board with spacious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine ?) 555
Explains the *jeve* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone ?
Thy truffles, Perigord ! thy hams, Bayonne !
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560

S 3

Knight

REMARKS.

v. 560- --- *Bladen* --- *Hays*.] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, Cashier of the South-Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)--These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables, frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Knight lift the head ; for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one ?

Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her titles and degrees. 566

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570

Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :

Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.

Nor past the meanest unregarded, one 575
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, Go, children of my care !
To practice now from theory repair. 580

All my commands are easy, short, and full :
My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :
This nod confirms each privilege your own.

The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace ; 585
With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the race ;

From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the Sun ;

The learned Baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line ; 590

The Judge to dance his brother serjeant call ;
The Senator at cricket urge the ball ;

The Bishop stow (pontific luxury !)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye ;

The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.

Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.

Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more ; 600

And,

And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings;
 Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods? 606
 Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd;)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610
 Lost was the Nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round:
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
 The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept; 615
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
 And chiefs Armies doz'd out the campaign;
 And Navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O Muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none,) 620
 Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;
 Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
 Wrong— 625

O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the fable throne behold
 Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old! 630
 Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.

As

IMITATIONS.

v. 621. *Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest:*

[Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.]

“Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virgo

“Dejicis? aut quot humi, morientia corpora fundis?”

Virg.

As one by one, at dread Medea's strain, 635
 The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is night. 640
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
 Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defence, 645
 And Mataphysic calls for aid on Sense!
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires. 650
 Nor Public flame, nor Private, dares to shine;
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse Divine!
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restor'd;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtian fall, 655
 And universal Darkness buries All.

IMITATIONS.

v. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.]*

"Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus.

"Parte tamen vigilat--

"---Vidit Cyllenius omnes

"Succubuisse oculos," &c.

Ovid, Met. II.

VARIATIONS.

v. 643.] In the former edit. it stood thus:

Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns *before*,

Shrinks to her hidden cause, *and is no more.*

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the Poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Aristotle. This was the idea received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend, Dr. A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure, into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he, the Poet himself, had been misled.

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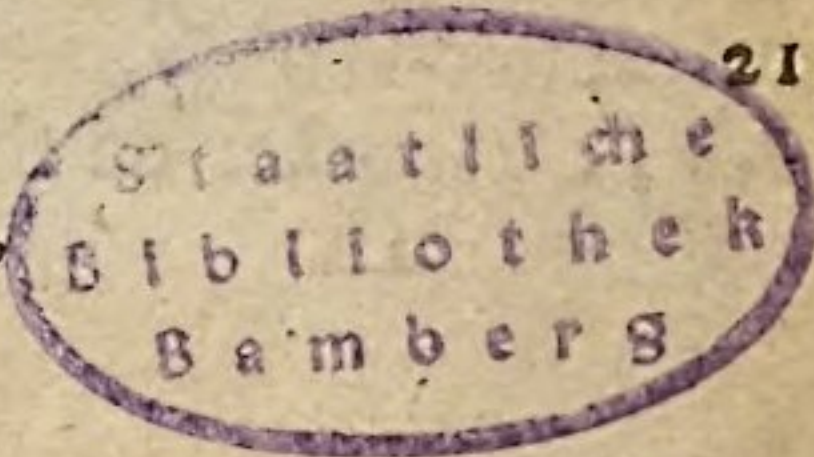
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